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THE
GLANVILLE FAMILY.

BY
A LADY OF RANK.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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THE
GLANVILLE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

We do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome; and I assure you my uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex land.

I cannot lose the thought yet of this fellow,
——— Nor leave to admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdom, since myself was one
When I was young.

BEN JONSON.

ELIZA BEAUMONT was not the only person who was made happy by the sight of that travelling carriage. Mordaunt Castle had seemed dreadfully dull during Ellen's absence. Even after Edward had been pronounced out of danger, Lord Mordaunt had not been able to get

up his spirits. The fact is, he had no spirits left to get up. Still it was a pleasant thing to hear again the sound of voices and laughter at the dinner-table; and soon he had enough and more than enough of both.

The summer was now almost over, and London was growing hot, every body began to say: they had been too busy to make the remark during the heat of the dog-days. Now they all flocked away at once;—some to their own—some to the country-houses of their friends. For a month, or more, there was a constant change of society at Mordaunt Castle, and riding and driving and talking and laughing, from morning to night.

Lord and Lady Hamilton came for three days. It was difficult to help admiring her—she looked so handsome and talked so well. To be sure she did both with all her might. This was all very well for three days;—but only think of the sensible, gentlemanlike husband—who was expected to listen and admire from year's end to year's end! For the sake of peace he changed all his opinions and friend-

ships and enmities as fast as she changed hers ; and work enough he must have had to follow her. She could not live without the excitement of two or three quarrels and tracasseries in hand ; and he had to think she played a perfect part in them all. He was now on his way to his own house, to receive a set of people he would have crossed the street to avoid the year before. Lady Hamilton's vanity had been piqued by some of the proceedings of their usual intimates, and they were sunk—we were about to say—below her contempt ; but it was not that, for she abused them by the hour.

All this might be borne in a handsome woman who had the excuse of hurt vanity. But she lowered her husband in all eyes, by making *him* act as if he adopted all her caprices. If she had been as clever as she wished to be thought, she would have known this.

Upon the whole it was rather a relief, when Lady Hamilton kissed Ellen at parting, and told her she would come another time, and help her to make her house pleasant.

“ And all the air a solemn stillness holds,”

Edward said, as he stood on the steps with Ellen, watching the disappearance of the carriage. "Now, Ellen, open your mouth, and give utterance to all the words which have been nipped in the bud for the last three days. I am very weary; that woman's talking was too much for me in my weakened state of health—it has given me a pain in my chest. I think that I shall run up to London before the end of the week, and try what change of scene will do. I shall be back again, Ellen, before you have time to miss me."

"No, Edward, you will not. I know your ways better than you know them yourself. Once there, you will linger on till it is time for you to return to your regiment. Do not go—stay with us a little longer yet."

"We will talk about that presently," Edward answered, in a tone which clearly meant that no talking would have the slightest effect upon him. "Now let us do a little bit of duty—let us go and see Uncle Bolland and neighbour Beaumont. Eliza has been constantly calling upon me, only you never will let her in. You

are so unkind, Ellen, to all my friends. You should cherish my attachment to Eliza Beaumont."

"Hers to you does not seem to want cherishing, to judge from your confidence in it. However, I ought to pay a visit there; so if you will order the horses, we will ride that way, and begin with Bolland Farm. Edward, I must insist upon your behaving your very best there. Papa says that my uncle sent every morning while you were ill, to enquire about you; and when he heard you were better, he went the length of saying, that though your life was a useless one, he was not sorry that you were to cumber the ground a little longer. Now that, you know, was a great deal for him to own. Mind that you let him say all the disagreeable things he likes, and do not make any foolish jokes to Margaret."

"I never make any *foolish* jokes to any body; but I must say *something* to Margaret, and you would not have me talk sense to her? As to my uncle, I feel duly grateful to him for allowing me to live; but my gratitude would know

no bounds, if he would afford me the means of living comfortably. Ellen, I am growing horribly covetous—the love of lucre is strong upon me—I am ready to do something base for it: I think I will cut the Gordian knot of my difficulties, by marrying Margaret, and settling down as heir of Bolland Farm.”

“It would be better to settle down as heir of Bolland Farm *without* marrying Margaret; so order the horses directly, and we will go and see what we can make of my uncle. But we must stop for a moment at the lodge, that you may say a few words to poor Susan. Her unhappy son is dead, and I have not seen her since.”

They found her in deep mourning, with her Bible open before her. “I am better, my lady, than when you saw me last,” she said, almost before Ellen had spoken to her. “He is at rest now, and a kind gentleman, who it seems was with him at his death, wrote a letter to tell me that he had good nursing and attendance, and that he died repentant, and trusting where a Christian ought. He wished

sore to see me at the last; and had it been God's will I would have been grateful to think that it was not a stranger who watched his last breath, and closed his eyes, but the mother whom he never spoke a rough word to, or forgot to love when he forgot all else of his early teaching. But it was not to be, and I do not murmur—for sure it is a blessing to think that he is taken from among those wicked men, and is in the hands of the Saviour he called upon. See, my lady, what I was reading when you came in. My Bible always opens here, and I cannot help thinking that this was written on purpose for me.”

She pointed to those beautiful words of Jeremiah—“ Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him ; but weep sore for him that goeth away : for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.” —“ And true enough,” she continued, “ I have not grieved for him dead, as I did when I thought of him as a lonely convict in a foreign land. My lady gave you the message he left for you, sir ?”

“ Yes,” Edward said, and he added some

words expressive of the kindness he had always felt for Owen, and of commiseration for his fate, which went to the poor mother's heart.

“God bless you, sir, for all the goodness you shewed him, and for coming to let me hear the voice he was proud to listen to. They told me the other day that you were ill, and many miles away, and I walked up to the castle to ask how my lord bore the tidings. Indeed I was frightened for him; for I know how hard it is when the old are grieving for the young. But had it not pleased the Lord to spare you, he would have had the comfort of knowing that his son was resting in a grave which friends would not shrink to mourn over, and that enemies could not trample upon. You heard me called, my lady, the mother of a thief. When the news of Owen's death was spread, that woman had the heart to come again, and ask me was it true that he had cheated the gallows at last. But her words did not hurt me as they did before. I told her of my trust that he was now a saint in heaven

—and it mattered little what he was called on earth.”

“ I think life a very difficult thing to understand,” said Edward Glanville, as they rode away. “ Why is Susan, who has always been a good mother, to lose her son in such a way ? and why is a wicked woman to come and taunt her ?—And why is Owen to die of a broken heart because for a time he gave way to his evil passions, and got into mischief, when I, who never can keep out of it, live on and am loved and cared for ? Ellen, you who set up for a philosopher, tell me why should all this be ? ”

“ To make you, and such as you, think as you are thinking now,” Ellen answered gently ; “ and for the sufferers there is mercy which is not of this world.”

“ True, this world is not every thing, and a few weeks ago I was on the brink of another. When the power of thinking came back to me, such strange ideas passed through my mind. I remember wondering how they would all feel when the news of my death reached the regi-

ment,—where I must confess we are too busy with the things of this life to give much time to the remembrance of another. I told myself again and again what a shock it would be to them all. Not that I expected more than one or two to lament much for me. But still I was as one of themselves, and my death would seem to give a shake to the safe tenure they held of their own lives. I could hear Blake's voice saying, as is his way when any thing unpleasant is mentioned before him,—‘Well, that is done and past—put an extinguisher upon him.’ I suppose, Ellen, as you say, it is right that such warnings should sometimes be sent; but I am rather glad that I have not been made a warning of.”

“Oh, Edward! how can you talk so lightly?”

“True, I am talking lightly, but I do not think quite so lightly as I talk. Heaven knows I have serious thoughts enough just now!”

“You! what have you to do with serious thoughts,” said Mr. Bolland, as he kicked open the gate for them—“serious thoughts would be mightily puzzled to find a place in

your mind, I fancy—they would soon be dizenied out in scarlet and gold lace. Here, Jack, come and take these horses—the lady's at least—the gentleman, perhaps, will object to expose his boots to the contact of our country dust: he can ride while we walk to the house."

"Certainly, if you wish it," Edward answered, quietly replacing his foot in the stirrup. "Your road does look dusty—why do not you get somebody to shovel it up? Here, Jack, come and hold the reins for me—they are dirtying my gloves—and my uncle is anxious that I should look my best."

"Not I—I do not care how you look.—You know Jack's history, don't you? if not, Ellen can tell it to *you*. He is the fellow Lindsay wanted me to turn away. I told Ellen about him last time she was here. A good-for-nothing dog as ever lived. He should have been sent about his business long ago, if Lindsay had not interfered. He is sharp enough too. I sent him yesterday to Price Rawson's sale, fifteen miles off, to bid for some of the farming-stock, and there was my brother's bailiff after some things

which I suppose Lindsay had marked before he went away. My brother would hardly think of purchasing a plough or a harrow, without his permission. Jack out-bid him in all of them, and bought them at a third of their value too. Our magnificent nephew was foiled in his attempt to save a few shillings to the family property. When did you last have advices from him?"

"You must ask Ellen. Lindsay is not fond enough of writing to waste his letters upon me?"

"I suppose not—younger brothers are not likely to meet with too much attention," Mr. Bolland said, looking at Edward with some complacency. "Now, go in, Ellen, there is no use in standing talking here—you will find Margaret in the drawing-room."

Edward followed Ellen into the house, with demure look, which almost made her laugh. They found Margaret very busy about a game at drafts with Dixon, and there was an unusual expression of keenness on her countenance, which was even more unpleasant than its ha-

bitual apathy. It was not till the game was over, that she darted restless glances at her visitors, and then fixed her eyes on Edward with their usual unmeaning stare. He was rather puzzled how to set about being civil, but a bright thought struck him.

“Why should not we have a game together, Margaret? Perhaps Mrs. Dixon will let me take her place, and I will try what I can do. I used to play at drafts capitally. Now for it—you shall begin.”

“No, I will not—I do not choose to play with you—I like to play for money.—Dixon and I always play for sixpences.”

“You and I will play for shillings if you please—shillings shall we? Now for it. You move first.”

“No, I will not. You have not got any shillings to play with—I know you very well—Edward Glanville. Papa says that you have spent all your shillings, and will come to him some day to beg for more. You shall play with Ellen if you like;” and she got up and sidled away towards her father.

Neither Edward nor Ellen could help laughing, and Mr. Bolland was perfectly delighted.

“Well done, Margaret. Ha! she is too sharp for you. I never said such a thing, you hussey, you know that I did not. But I suspect that she has hit the right nail on the head, has not she, Captain Glanville? You do not find the popinjay trade a very lucrative one to follow. But if my brother chose to put you in a profession of showy idleness, he ought to give you the means of supporting yourself in it. Yes, you should have the full benefit of being in a profession where money must be spent and cannot be gained. Your practice and experience, I understand, have not given the lie to this position. But you are kept on short allowance, while Lindsay has stuffed both his pockets full of money, and is gone abroad to spend it. I could almost find in my heart to do what I think would vex him.”

“My father has done as much and more for me than I deserve,” said Edward. “I have no reason to complain of any one but myself. And, after all, uncle, how do you know but

what both of my pockets are full of money too. I have not come begging to you yet."

"A beggar came to the door yesterday," said Margaret, "and papa told him to get out."

Again the father and daughter laughed, and Edward was moved by the sight of Ellen's impenetrable gravity, to join them. She really thought that she would give up all her plots for his advantage, and never come to the house again. However, she now made a desperate effort to start a fresh subject of conversation.

"We have hardly seen you, uncle, since we came back from Howard Lodge. I believe you thought that Madame Renardin and I had not sense between us to carry us to our journey's end. But we managed beautifully; and the servant followed all your directions as to the inns where we were to change horses. There never was any thing like Mr. Howard's kindness to Edward. Every thing was thought of that he could possibly want. It was hardly possible to remember that the house was not our own."

"Mr. Howard would probably have put you

in mind of that by this time. His ideas of property in that particular instance were likely to be more defined than yours. As I have now heard of nothing but Mr. Howard, for the last two months, would it be considered impertinent if I were to ask who he is?"

"Mr. Howard is a Lancashire squire, with a pretty fortune, a pretty wife, and pretty children; and he is very happy with them all. When I first asked you about him, Edward, that was the answer you gave me. He is connected with a family whom you may have known, uncle, among your mercantile acquaintances in that part of the world; for they were great people there once, though they are ruined now—the Rivers's."

Mr. Bolland's brow grew black as thunder.

"Rivers's! Aye, I know them well. I thought I knew them well, when I trusted them with my son—but I know them better now, girl. How dare you mention that hateful name to me? I knew that ruin had fallen upon them—I knew it, and I rejoiced. I trusted them with my son, and when he set my authority at

naught, Rivers aided and encouraged him. The boy was mine—mine to do as I pleased with—by the laws of nature and by human laws, I alone had power over him. Rivers won upon his affections, and might have led him to do any thing; for they say that affection is the most powerful weapon man can have. I cannot say how that is: for no one has ever shewn affection to me—not even my own parents or my own son. I would have left the boy to bear the consequences of his rebellious conduct to me, till he was driven to do what I judged most fitting for him; but Rivers interfered between us—between father and son—between me and my property—and he gave him the means to pursue his own folly. The only tie that existed between us was dissolved, and because I heard of his death with a dry eye, I was called a harsh father. I hate the sound of the Rivers' name—I hate to think that any connected with me should have obligations to any connected with them, little cause as I have to remember that we all spring from the same stock."

Ellen, who had no recollection of her unhappy cousin further than as a timid moping boy, too much afraid of his father to speak before him, and whose death was the occasion of her having the first black sash she ever wore, was quite overwhelmed by the storm she had raised. Edward was not *quite* so unprepared. He knew that his intimacy with the Rivers's was likely to prove the death-blow to the very slight tenure he had on the favour of his uncle; but following his usual rule, of thinking and talking as little as possible of what was disagreeable, he contrived to keep that consideration pretty well out of his mind, and entirely out of his conversation. Upon the whole, as this burst was to be expected some time or other, it was as well to get it over now; and it was not a bad opportunity to get out a word or two in extenuation of the turpitude of Mr. Rivers's conduct, when, with much expense and trouble, he extricated the son of his friend from the degraded situation in which he had placed himself.

“ I have heard Mr. Rivers speak about poor

Frank, and I know that he is very unhappy that you should be so deeply offended at what he did."

"I do not care about his unhappiness;" Mr. Bolland said doggedly.

"He fancied that though you thought it right not to give way yourself, you would not in fact be sorry to have him rescued from such a position. He says it was very strange that he should have taken such a disgust to it, but he really believes that he would have died, if he had remained at the counting-house longer."

"He is dead as it is, and you are all deprived of the pleasure of saying that it was my harsh treatment that killed him. He died in the calling which Rivers approved of, and in the country where he had helped to send him. Your friend has reason to be proud of his work—Margaret, my girl, leave off rattling those drafts about."

"I am not rattling them—I am only building castles. Look, Edward, what a high castle I have built."

"Edward may build castles as well as you—

castles in the air," her father answered with a bitter smile as he swept hers away with his hand; "and, like yours, he may find them swept away. No friend of the Rivers's can ever be a friend of mine.—Here comes lame Jacob to fetch his dinner. If the doctors had any sense they would have cured him long ago. But the poor are not half taken care of here. I should not wonder, if, when I have provided for Margaret as much as a woman ought to be provided for,—I really should not wonder if I were to leave this house to be turned into an infirmary, and funds to support it. That would be a christian act. It would drive our elder nephew mad, to have a parish infirmary at the bottom of his park."

"That would be a christian motive for doing the christian act," said Edward, whose ire was beginning to be roused; and Ellen, who dreaded what might come next, interrupted him, and hastily took leave.

His natural good temper returned as soon as they were clear of the house.

"So, I think I may congratulate you upon

having been eminently successful this morning, in bringing your plot to perfection! If I should be fortunate enough to break my leg, I may perhaps be allowed a crib in my uncle's infirmary:—that is the utmost I can look to. Now is not this Rivers antipathy of his, quite like my usual luck? It was so unlikely, in the usual course of events, that the same family should have crossed our paths in life—and to raise such different passions in our minds. I wonder, by the bye, whether my uncle ever did feel any thing like a tender passion? If he would not answer me so like a bear, I would try and find out. But about the Rivers's—Ellen, what a way I am in! For I foresee a time coming when I may be reduced to throw myself upon my uncle's mercy for assistance—which I really believe, from the simple hope of annoying Lindsay, he would have afforded me—but now there is small chance of that. Upon the whole, my affairs are certainly in an awkward state. However, there is no use in thinking about them. I believe that we should all do better, if we did not think. Here is a

beautiful place for a canter. Now for it. Do not let us stop again till we get to the turnpike gate at Dornton."

A canter on the downs any where is an exhilarating thing; but a canter on these particular downs in Sussex no unpleasant impressions could resist; and before they reached their destination, Mr. Bolland and his verbal sins were forgotten or forgiven.

Dornton was a moderate sized country town, with nothing very remarkable about it. It had its market-place, and its one smart shop, where all the neighbourhood for five miles round bought their bits of ribbon and muslin. And there was a substantial vestry near the church, and some detached superior-looking houses towards the outskirts of the town. Among the most superior of these,—with a sweep in front—handsome iron gates surrounded by two stone eagles, which John Harrison from his earliest infancy had persisted in calling parrots—a good walled garden, and two or three fields behind,—was Mr. Beaumont's mansion.

Dan Beaumont, the small attorney who nearly a hundred years before had carried on business in a small way at the other end of the town, would have been astonished if he could have looked out from his grave upon the grandeur of his descendants.

Another change too had taken place. Dorn-ton was raised to the dignity of a borough; and Mr. Beaumont had never known a happy moment since. There was no end to the mischief he foresaw. Tom Brown, who he had reason to believe began life as a parish apprentice, had scraped together money—nobody knew how—had opened a bookseller's shop on his own account—was a considerable man at all vestry and parish meetings—was supposed to have engaged the affections of Miss Pollen the grocer's daughter,—and his language and bearing had grown intolerable. He talked of setting up a newspaper, and said stranger things might happen than his being chosen to represent the borough himself. Mr. Beaumont could hardly command his temper enough to touch his hat in acknowledgment

of the bow Tom Brown levelled at him, as he drove past in his gig.

“Perhaps, my Lady, you will not mind stepping out into the field,” the servant said, in answer to Ellen’s inquiry if Mrs. Beaumont was at home.—“We have a cricket match going on, and my mistress and the young ladies are looking at it.”

“How very fortunate, is not it Ellen? we shall find the whole family assembled?”

“Yes sir, my master and Mr. Richard are there—Mr. Richard is playing himself.”

“Come Ellen, bundle up your habit and bustle along—you will like to see Mr. Richard play—and I dare say that half the neighbourhood are assembled. This is quite a treat for you. Shall I order the horses to be put up for an hour or two?”

“No, for mercy’s sake! What am I to do while you are talking nonsense to Eliza?”

Edward was still laughing at her face of dismay, when Eliza perceived their approach, and darted forward to meet them. Considering this was the field which she had mentioned as

being under the sole dominion of Dick the cowman, it had a very gay appearance. There was a tent, and cricketers in their white jackets, and chairs under a tree for Mrs. Beaumont and friends; and all the little Beaumonts were let loose from their hive, and were buzzing round the parent bee. Maria snubbed and checked them in vain; under cover of the general hilarity they set her authority at defiance, and Charles cheered them on to the warfare.

“Now was there ever anything more delightful than your happening to come over to-day, Captain Glanville! Such a very gay day as it is with us. You see the Dornton gentlemen are playing the Dornton tradespeople. Anne and I had such a piece of work to get papa to let the match be played in this field. Maria took against it at first, and then we were in despair. But luckily she was persuaded that there would be a great deal for her to order and arrange, and so then she spoke for it, and papa let it be. But he has been very much annoyed indeed about Tom Brown. Tom Brown has behaved shamefully. He will tell you

about him presently. Perhaps Lady Ellen will go and sit down by mamma, and if you will walk to the other side with me, we shall be able to see Richard play. I have told Richard to make every body play as slowly as they can, and then perhaps the match may last two days."

Unfortunately for Eliza's appropriation plan, Mr. Beaumont now came forward to say civil things to Ellen, and to do the honour of the cricket ground to Edward.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, Lady Ellen. Your appearance here is quite a triumph to Mrs. Beaumont and the girls. They wanted yesterday to send over and beg you to look in upon us; but I would not hear of it. I thought you had company at the castle; and this sort of thing can have no interest for you."

"You are quite mistaken," said Edward. "Owing to the pains I have taken with her education, she is very knowing about cricket. She would have been invaluable as umpire. And why was I to be left out? Why am not I to be counted among the Dornton gentry?"

Miss Eliza Beaumont, it was not the act of a friend, to suffer my cricketing prowess to be so overlooked."

"There papa, you hear—I said that Captain Glanville would be very glad to come over—but nobody would listen. However it is all much better as it is—because now, you know, you can talk, and it is so stupid when every body is busy about the game."

"So it is, and very odd too, when they are here on purpose to play at it.—Who is the man in the white hat lined with green?"

"That is Tom Brown," Eliza answered in a whisper; "do not say much about him, because it irritates papa."

"And you really would have played, Captain Glanville, if you had been asked?"—Mr. Beaumont observed after a pause, during which he appeared absorbed in deep thought. "If I had known that, a serious evil might have been prevented.—Tom Brown is here as a gentleman."

Some people have real pleasure in inflicting a mental shock, and Mr. Beaumont meant to

enjoy such, when he announced this fact without any previous preparation.

“Well—you would not have him here as a lady, would you?” said Edward.

“My dear Eliza,” Mr. Beaumont said angrily, “do not laugh so loud; you will frighten the cricketers. Lady Ellen, I think you will agree with me that this is no laughing matter. Here is this man—this Tom Brown—who began life as a parish pauper, and has worked his way up in the world nobody knows how—here he is, strutting about in my grounds, upon the footing of an equal! This is part of the blessed effects of the Reform bill. All the low radical fellows, who used to keep quiet, know that their times are come now. Tom Brown got up a meeting against taxes the other day, and spoke for two hours himself.”

“There ought to have been a clause in the bill, against Tom Brown, that is clear. But after all,” Edward added, “I do not quite understand. Why, because he spoke a seditious speech, is he to be here playing on the gentlemen’s side?”

“Why indeed? That question ought not to be addressed to me. There are others who, I hope, may be able to answer it satisfactorily. Our friends the Harrisons have given into many wild and dangerous notions lately; and they have taken it into their heads to curry favour with that ambitious vagabond, Tom Brown. John Harrison is one of the eleven, and to the last moment he persisted in declaring that he was coming down to play himself. We were all puzzled; for we happened to know that his sister’s marriage was fixed for this very week. But when a man says a thing, what can you do but believe it? It was not till this morning, when the Dornton gentlemen were all assembled, and at their wits’ end to know what to do for John Harrison—(he is a good player—and good players are scarce among us just now)—that Tom Brown swaggered into the field with his linen jacket under his arm, and brought a letter from John Harrison, begging him to act as his substitute, as he was prevented coming. It was evidently an arranged thing between them; for Tom had refused to join the trades-

people. I wanted them to reject him at once, and to take Charles for want of something better. But the fellow has a great name for cricket, so he got his will. If I could have foreseen this, none of them should have set foot in this field. The whole thing is clear enough. John Harrison has an eye to the representation of the borough. He will stand on the radical interest. Parties are running high already. In fact there has been neither peace nor quiet in the town since that bill passed."

Here Mr. Beaumont's voice was drowned by loud shouts of "run!—run!"—the shrill squeaks of the little Beaumonts being particularly audible.—"Ha—Richard seems to have made a good hit there—one—two—three—there's time for another—go it again—go it again—that's right—all safe—very good"—Mr. Beaumont called out at the full extent of his voice—quite carried away by his paternal eagerness; while Mrs. Beaumont scrambled up on a chair, that she might see better.

"It be'ant Mr. Richard's stroke," a countryman said who was standing near, "it be Tom

Brown's—Tom Brown is a rare un for cricket.” —“ Deuce take Tom Brown,” said Mr. Beaumont, turning his back upon the players. “ That fellow’s name is dinned into one’s ears about every thing. ’

Again there were shouts, and clappings of hands on the tradespeople’s side, and moanings and groanings from all the little Beaumonts.

“ Oh dear me, what a pity poor Richard is out—poor Richard is caught out, and has not got a single notch himself. I wish it had been Tom Brown instead of Richard. Papa—papa, Richard is caught out.”

“ For mercy’s sake, children, leave off screaming,” said Maria; “ other people have been caught out before Richard.”

Charles shrugged his shoulders. “ They had better have taken me—Richard is no great hand with his bat—he holds it so gingerly—like a baboon with a red-hot poker.”

A bustle was now going on, during which Richard’s loud laugh did not fail him, and Tom Brown was seen approaching the group where Ellen and Edward were standing.

“Perhaps sir,” he said, touching his hat as he addressed the latter, “you may be inclined to take my place this evening. The other gentlemen are agreeable. I am only a substitute myself.”

After a little pressing, Edward accepted the offer as frankly as it was made. Ellen found ample amusement in watching him, and Eliza’s eagerness knew no bounds. She longed to go and score every notch herself. It was altogether a blessed incident. Mr. Beaumont was spared the sight of Tom Brown playing, and Edward got thirty notches with his single bat.

“I declare,” he said, as he shook Mr. Beaumont’s hand at parting—“I declare that I think Tom Brown a capital fellow.”

CHAPTER II.

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.

SWIFT.

Lords, ladies, knights, and damsels, gents,
Were heaped together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the raskall rabblement
Without respect of person or of port.

SPENSER.

A FEW days after the above meeting, Edward went up to London ; and Ellen's prophecy turned out right ;—he did not return to Mordaunt Castle before he rejoined his regiment. It was impossible not to be struck by the nervous anxiety with which she now watched for the arrival of the post, and almost every day brought her tidings from Edward. She was accustomed to open Lord Mordaunt's letters, and to read them

to him, as well as such parts of her own as were likely to afford him amusement ; but a very small part of Edward's correspondence was made public. She was indeed now more than ever watchful to avoid speaking of any thing that could in the smallest degree agitate her father. His anxiety during her absence had given his health a shock, and his strength was failing fast. She never spoke of this ; it would have been too painful ; but she redoubled her exertions to amuse him, and seemed uneasy if she were absent from him even for an hour.

In the meantime it was a proud moment for Charles Dalrymple, when he sate down to communicate to his wife's family the birth of a son and heir ; an event which took place on the very day of the cricket-match. " Such a curious coincidence !" Mrs. Beaumont said when she heard it.

The daily accounts of the healths of both mother and infant were most satisfactory, and there was no reason to doubt what Mr. Dalrymple constantly asserted—that his mother's, and his sister's, and his own attention to Lady

Elizabeth was unremitting. Under such circumstances it really seemed wonderful that she should be so well.

Edward's prolonged stay in London was once or twice alluded to in Mr. Dalrymple's letters, and in terms of very marked reprobation. They were all exceedingly puzzled to know what he did with himself. Mr. Dalrymple had thought it due to Lady Elizabeth to give him a general invitation to dine with himself and his mother, but he had never once taken advantage of it; and though he had called at the door several times to enquire after Lady Elizabeth, he had always come at an hour when Mr. Dalrymple was out, and had never once been upstairs to look at his little nephew, or pay his respects to old Mrs. Dalrymple. In fact, if Mr. Dalrymple had not met him accidentally at Mr. Howard's, he could not say, as he now did, that he thought him looking excessively thin and out of spirits.

The long protracted session was at last over, and the day arrived which Ellen passed in restless and nervous expectation of Frederick

Percival. He had not been at Mordaunt Castle since the hour when she fearlessly plighted her faith to him. In that room where they had parted would she now receive him, and there she settled herself to await his arrival. She tried to read—a book too that he had recommended—but it would not do—distant sounds of carts and wheelbarrows resembled too closely the approach of carriage wheels. She tried to work—the same work, on the same frame, which she was bending over, when Lord Raymond first spoke of those sentiments which were too well returned. She got up and walked to the window. There was the lawn where she had passed so many gay and playful hours with Edward and Frederick Percival. She had nothing to reproach herself with then. She had loved them both as brothers. How strange it was that the expectation of meeting with one of them should fill her with dread—yes with dread. She could not conceal from herself, that this was the only word which would express her present sensations. Why had she come *there*? It was the last place

where she could receive him ; and she quitted the room, and sought refuge with her father.

All this worry was quite superfluous ;—for when, two hours later, Frederick did arrive, Ellen was simply very glad to see him ;—and she had a great many questions to ask, and he had a great many things to tell, and Lord Mordaunt was interested by what was passing, and the evening went pleasantly and quietly away. If time enough is given before an exciting event, all the emotion which it is likely to call forth will most probably be got over beforehand.

Frederick was more sanguine about his own affairs than when they had last seen him. He had at first been tempted to accept Lord Raymond's offer, and to trust the repayment to time and his own exertions. He was still hesitating whether he should lay himself under such an obligation, when he heard that a gentleman whose property adjoined Mr. Percival's, was anxious to become the purchaser of the estate. This gentleman was one of those wealthy individuals to whom it is said money is "no object"—an assertion which is gene-

rally contradicted by every action of lives which are passed in laying it out to the best advantage. Happily for Frederick, this same gentleman was very much bent upon adding to the extent of his Lancashire property ; and as he at once closed with the highest price Mr. Percival had named, Frederick did not break off the negociation. In fact his father's habits were now so foreign, and he himself found it so impossible to leave London for any length of time, that he was more than content when he found that, after all embarrassments were cleared off, a considerable portion of the purchase-money would remain, though "house and land were gone and spent." This would enable his father, as his brothers grew up, to set them forward in their various professions; and nothing but the Lindsays' return was wanted, to enable him and Ellen to settle down comfortably in their own home.

Ellen listened, and assented to all he said, and all he planned, and was truly grateful that Lord Raymond had nothing to do in bringing about the promised denouement.

Of Edward, Frederick Percival had little to tell—he had met him constantly at the Howards, who, now the gaieties of London were over, were at home every evening, to any body who would come. They contrived to make their house very pleasant. There were many little particulars about those parties which Ellen would have been glad to know;—but Frederick only spoke of them in a grand wholesale manner;—he did not remember, or did not think worth mentioning, the small touches which she wished to be given to the picture. Most men are very provoking in this way; but after all less provoking than the class who feed upon gossip of their own making.

One piece of information he did spontaneously impart—Lord Raymond still passed more of his time in London than at Norland, and was often to be found at Mrs. Howard's."

"Perhaps," Ellen made a desperate effort to say, "Elizabeth's plan may be successful. Miss Rivers must be the attraction there."

"No, Ellen, I am afraid that you are not forgotten yet—I am afraid that plot will not

succeed,—but I heartily wish that it would. Miss Rivers, when she chooses to break through her usual reserve, has a great deal of imagination and enthusiasm. I cannot quite make her out; but unfortunately she seems to have no attraction for Raymond. He talks more to Mrs. Howard than he does to her. I told Edward the other evening to look to himself, or he would be cut out there: but my warning seemed to make no impression.”

“I cannot think,” Ellen said impatiently, “how Mr. Howard can bear to have his house always full of people—and those people to be always talking to his wife. Poor man! with his domestic tastes he is certainly very unfortunately married.”

Frederick laughed.—“I fancy you would find it difficult to persuade him that he is an object of pity to any body. I never saw a man more contented than he is with the lot about which you are so pathetic.”

Ellen had nothing more to say, but she did indulge in a moment's wonder how Lord Raymond, who was fastidious in his opinions of

people, could find it pleasant to pass so much of his time in the Howard set. She was very unjust about the Howards, the tide of popular favour proved that she was.

Mr. Percival could not afford to remain more than ten days at Mordaunt Castle. Quite long enough, Madame Renardin thought. She watched his rides and walks with Ellen with great jealousy. He was good—excellent—a young man of very superior merit—she wished him well—she even hoped that he would find a wife, “bonne, belle, aimable—mais enfin j’aime tant ce cher Lord Raymond—il est grand parti, lui—mais pour l’autre—bah!—Je l’ai connu haut comme ça—dans son petit habit bleu et son petit chapeau rond—c’est tout simplement Monsieur Frederic”—and she consoled herself by settling that he would never have the presumption to think of marrying Lady Ellen.

Once during his visit the old lady’s heart rather softened towards him. She happened to be passing through the hall, when there was a little bustle caused by the arrival of a mes-

senger and a red box. There was something rather grand in that, which took her fancy. But it only happened once to her knowledge, and Lady Ellen could not be expected to marry him upon that.

“Do you know, Ellen,” Frederick said one day, when they had set out together to take a regular country walk, “that I sometimes wonder at the way in which people’s fates in life are settled for them. Now when you consented to marry me, you never could have foreseen the kind of life we shall have to lead. Your natural tastes are all in favour of the country and country pursuits. I had forgotten that, till I found myself with you here in our old haunts again. I am afraid that, during your lonely hours, you will pine for the enjoyment of fresh air and liberty. My poor, dear Ellen! you have certainly been trepanned into playing the part of a politician’s wife:—the very last thing that you would have chosen.”

“But that is no reason why I should not play my part well. I hope, Frederick, that you do not despair of my success in that line,”

Ellen answered playfully, though her colour heightened as she spoke.

“No—you would have success in any line you chose to undertake. You do shine already—you listen like an angel of patience to all my dull speculations, and always say the right thing about them;—and you seem to have studied the debates with the most praiseworthy assiduity, and to have done your very best not to think us all on both sides a set of humbugs.”

“And I have succeeded. I do not think you the very least of a humbug. But it seems that you cannot say as much for me. You evidently suspect all my interest in your proceedings to be artificial.”

“No—it is real, because you have taken pains to acquire it—and almost any taste can be acquired. But when we were here in earlier days, do you remember how you used to complain that you could never amuse yourself *alone*—and how Edward and I used to shorten our shooting and riding expeditions that we might have you with us? Now I am engaged in pursuits

which cannot be quite in common ; and if my career were to be more brilliant than it is ever likely to prove, I fear that would not repay you for the sacrifice of domestic comfort which it will cost to pursue it. You would not care for me one atom more if the whole country was to ring with the fame of my eloquence. Yet there are women, and with strong affections too, to whom fame and glory for the object they love would be of more value than aught else. You, Ellen, are certainly not one of those who are said ‘to love the glory, not the thing.’”

If Frederick fancied, when he spoke these words, that he was saying something flattering to Ellen, he never was more mistaken in the whole course of his clever life. She had nothing to say in answer, and pondered over them for long. “Already he thinks me cold—already he is dissatisfied with me”—she thought ; and she felt dispirited, and wondered what they could talk of next.

She had not time to wonder long. Her own name was called from an adjoining field, in eager breathless tones, and in a moment Eliza

Beaumont had scrambled over a style and joined them.

“There now—I said that I was sure it was you, but Richard and Maria, declared that it was impossible I could see through the hedge—so I ran on to make sure. How lucky it was that we came this way ; for one walks for miles and miles in this shocking country, and meets nobody. I got them to cross the green, because there are some new people settled in the white house, and I thought that some of them might be out in the garden. We did see one of the sons, in a green jacket instead of a coat. I rather like green jackets when people are in the country. I almost wonder, Mr. Percival, at your not wearing a green jacket while you remain here.”

Nobody seemed inclined to deprive her of the pleasure of wondering ; and Maria and Richard now joined them. Ellen enquired about the cricket-match ; she was really interested, she said, and she trusted that it ended satisfactorily.

Maria shook her head. She was sorry to say it did not—it had altogether been a very un-

pleasant business. From the first, she had been against it; but she was overruled. A great many things had occurred which were very unpleasant. The trades-people had won, and made much more noise about it than Mr. Beaumont thought respectful. Tom Brown too took upon himself very much, towards the end of the day. In the second innings, when there was a doubt whether Richard was bowled out, Tom Brown decided against him, though he was upon the same side. Mr. Beaumont and all his family were to have dined in the tent with the gentlemen cricketers; but when it appeared that Tom Brown was among them, of course that was at an end; so they had to eat a little cold meat in the house; and then they were told that it was Tom Brown who got up, in his swaggering way, and proposed the health of the owner of the field, and might they often have such meetings. Mr. Beaumont had much rather that his health had not been drunk at all. He was very much annoyed.

“Yes,” Eliza said, “papa was very much annoyed, and it was a great pity—for after all,

it would have been much better if we had dined in the tent, instead of eating that cold mutton all by ourselves as dull as death. And all the gentlemen too were so disappointed at not having us. One of the Irbys told me they had quite set their hearts upon it—Robert Irby said so—I rather like Robert Irby.”

“Do you see much of the Irbys?” Ellen asked by way of asking something.

“Oh no, I never saw them before in my life. They live a great way off: quite out of our reach. I am sure I wish that we did live more that way; for our neighbourhood is very stupid. There are hardly any families worth visiting. They are all old couples or something just as dull. I suppose that the Harrisons will be down soon, and it is livelier to walk to them than to do nothing.”

“The Harrisons are waiting in town for Kate’s marriage,” Maria added—“at least so they say—but it has been put off so often, mamma and I begin to think that there must be some serious hitch, and that it will never take place. It was quite clear from the first

that they were much more pleased with it than the Butlers."

"Butlers! what Butlers?" said Frederick, who had never before taken in any defined idea about the marriage in the Harrison family? "Is your friend Miss Harrison going to be married to a son of old George Butler? He is a stingy old fellow, but enormously rich. It sounds like an excellent marriage."

"The Harrisons are proud enough of it, I can tell you," Maria answered; "but some people say that Mr. Butler has always so many speculations going on, he may be ruined yet.—However, I wish that the marriage would take place at once. These constant puttings off must be so mortifying—for I suspect they come from the Butler side."

"Why what are you talking about?" said Richard. "Did not you see Kate's marriage in the paper this morning? I did."

Eliza stood still in breathless astonishment. "Now, Richard, do you really mean to say that you saw Kate's marriage in the paper this morning, and did not mention it?—Richard is

so stupid to be sure," Maria added—for, carried away by the just indignation of her feelings, she forgot anybody was listening.

"I thought of course that you had all talked it over before I came down," said Richard, who was a man of few words. "It was regularly put in—Marylebone church and all."

"Well—then the Butlers have given in at last," said Maria.

"Yes, and the Harrisons will be down here soon—there is something in that," said Eliza. —"There goes a carriage down the lane—I wonder whether it belongs to the people who are settled at the white house. If we cut across here it will be the shortest way home, and we shall just meet it." And they arrived at the corner of the lane, exactly in time to be splashed by the carriage, as it turned the corner and disappeared.

Altogether, Eliza declared that they had made a very fortunate expedition. It was such a thing to have to tell the Harrisons that Lady Ellen and Mr. Percival were walking about

the country together. They could have nothing to say in answer to that.

Ellen and Frederick were not quite so sensible of the blessing of the meeting ; and they had another before they reached home, which they could also have spared. Mr. Bolland was standing at the entrance of the park, talking to two or three discontented-looking men, of the labouring class. He immediately dismissed them, and taking off his hat, bowed low to Frederick.

“ So, we have got the statesman—the great man amongst us ! A poor country squire like myself feels hardly equal to such an encounter. However, it could not have happened at a luckier moment. I was conversing with those living evidences of the great prosperity of the country. If you are tired of theories, and wish for practical demonstration, you would perhaps like them to be recalled. They are men asking as a boon for work, that they may not starve—good, honest, hard-working men—with families at home crying out for bread,—and there is no work in the parish to give them—

nor money to pay them if work could be found. It is in this original way that the national prosperity develops itself, in our part of the country."

"I fear it is but too true," Frederick answered thoughtfully, "that just now there is great agricultural distress."

"Yes—great agricultural distress—I have heard those words till I am sick. I detest mere words. If distress is known to exist, it is the duty of government to devise means to relieve it; and it is no very satisfactory relief to a starving man to be told that he is living in a prosperous country. We could govern the country better than that, could not we, Dash?" and he whistled up his dog, and walked away.

As Frederick returned to his official duties the next day, Mr. Bolland might fairly hope that his words took full effect.

His visit seemed to have revived Lord Mordaunt. He was proud of Frederick, and with reason; for *he* had first brought him forward in the line which he was pursuing with such success; and it seemed to give him pleasure to talk

of the time when he would really become a member of that family, where he had so long been an inmate.

“When I give you to him, my Ellen, I shall have no fears for your happiness,” he said; and Ellen wondered how she could still have fears of her own.

Nothing could be more prosperous than Lady Elizabeth’s recovery; which Mrs. Dalrymple of course ascribed to her own excellent nursing and experience. The nurse, on the other hand, privately declared that “my lady would get well twice as soon, if that old fidgetty body would keep herself to herself, and not be in and out of the room for ever.”

Experience she could not deny her; for there was living proof in all the Misses Dalrymple, who were very attentive, and constantly in the way. Mr. Dalrymple himself was entirely occupied by a very important affair which weighed heavily on his mind. The arrangement of the christening was full of difficulties. The child was to be named Mordaunt, after his grandfather; and it was quite essential to the

dignity of the ceremony that Lord Mordaunt should be present. The result of hours and days of serious meditation was the following letter to Ellen :—

“ Brook Street, September 3, 18—.

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

“ As you must naturally have imagined, our time has been fully occupied by many most important domestic details. You will be glad to know that Lady Elizabeth is now established upon the sofa in the drawing-room. She herself wished to remove there two days sooner; but my mother was inexorable. She herself never quitted her dressing-room till after the twelfth day. The christening of the little stranger is now our first object; and Lady Elizabeth agrees with me, that as Lord Mordaunt will of course be anxious to be present, and a journey to our house in Shropshire is more than he will like to undertake, it will better suit *all* parties for the ceremony to take place at Mordaunt Castle. As soon, therefore, as your sister is able to travel,—which my

mother thinks she may safely attempt in a fortnight,—you may expect our arrival, unless it should be inconvenient to yourself and Lord Mordaunt to receive us. My mother is the god-mother elect; you will, therefore, I do not doubt, *immediately* despatch a separate invitation to her. Present my affectionate compliments to Lord Mordaunt, and believe me, my dear sister,

“ Sincerely yours,

“ CHARLES DALRYMPLE.”

Ellen of course accepted the offer with many expressions of pleasure. She also despatched a pressing invitation to Mrs. Dalrymple, and was so singularly fortunate as to affront neither mother nor son.

Two days before the expected arrival of the three generations of the house of Dalrymple, a letter from Lady Elizabeth announced some additions to the party. “ I find,” she said, “ that Miss Rivers will be delighted to accompany us. She is really pining, poor girl, for a little country air. I have therefore taken upon my-

self to assure her that you will make her welcome, and we will bring her with us. I have also pressed Lord Raymond into consenting to pay his visit now, and have told him that I will announce his intention. I am charmed at this—it promises such success to my little plan. There seems some chance, though not much, that Frederick may be able to accompany him.”

Thus, Ellen was left with something more to think of than merely ordering the rooms to be got ready.

CHAPTER III.

His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.

SHAKSPEARE.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice ; which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

SHAKSPEARE.

THOUGH very much provoked, Ellen could not help being amused at the coolness with which Lady Elizabeth had given, and Miss Rivers accepted, the invitation to Mordaunt Castle. She did not regret it; for she suffered under a deep and growing curiosity about Harriet Rivers, and, as her guest, she was anxious to know whether she would condescend to be more cordial than she had hitherto found her.

She was anxious too to see her and Lord Raymond together.

Strange as it was that such love as he had professed for her should be so soon overcome, Ellen was not far from believing that Lady Elizabeth was right, and that Miss Rivers must be his attraction there;—for when they had last parted, it was with a mutual understanding that they were to meet no more till after her marriage with Frederick Percival. All then was as it should be. She might calmly pursue the path of duty, and be called upon to feel no pang for the happiness she had destroyed. It was well if she felt no pang but the happiness she should shortly witness.

Though summer was scarcely gone, the day of the Dalrymple arrival was cold and damp, and for the first ten minutes a considerable degree of bustle prevailed. Lady Elizabeth was tired with her journey, and Ellen was anxious to get her quietly established on the sofa in her own room. But Mr. Dalrymple was in no mood to allow any body to be quietly established any where. The question of fire or no

fire was very seriously agitated. It was most unfortunate that his mother was not arrived : she would say what would be best for the child. His mother, he was sure, could not be very far behind them. Lady Elizabeth had better remain down stairs for a few minutes, and hear what she had to say.

Elizabeth, in the mean time, gave her own directions to the nurse, and then turned to her sister :—" Now, Ellen, I am ready."

" My love, I am sorry to interfere ; but would it not be expedient, before you settle, that we should both accompany the nurse to present the little stranger to his grandfather ?"

Ellen interposed : " Papa has taken rather a longer drive than usual to-day, and begged not to be disturbed before dinner, unless Elizabeth would look in upon him for a minute in her way to her room."

" Very well—just as you please—I was only suggesting what I considered a proper attention. If Lord Mordaunt would rather not see his grandchild, of course it is not for us to force it upon his notice. Elizabeth, you had better

go to him, and Ellen can tell you what room you will find prepared. She will probably prefer to remain here, that she may not be out of the way when my mother and Miss Rivers arrive."

"I shall hear the carriage," Ellen said, as she made her escape with Elizabeth; and Mr. Dalrymple took up a newspaper, though he felt much too ill-used to read it.

Ellen had no difficulty about bringing forward the subjects upon which she particularly wanted information; for Elizabeth was yet more ready to talk than she was to hear;—and altogether she seemed so excessively animated that Ellen inwardly quailed; for Elizabeth's spirits did not get the better of her when she had any thing pleasant to communicate.

"There, that will do, you may go away Dawson, now," she said to her maid, who was upon her knees by the side of the imperial. "You may leave all these things for the present. What bores maids are with their packing and unpacking," were the words that repaid Dawson for lingering a moment with the

lock of the door in her hand, in the hope that she might catch the cue-word of the discourse the two ladies were going to hold.

“There’s justice!” she said to herself, as she withdrew to seek comfort in her tea. “Nobody makes more piece of work than my lady, if the very least thing is forgot; and how are things to be had if they are neither to be packed nor unpacked?”

Dawson had her revenge, however;—for, by giving short answers, and pulling all her strings into knots for the succeeding week, she made Elizabeth find the operation of dressing and undressing as disagreeable as possible; and she was guiltless of knowing her own offence, or of being able to fix a positive one upon Dawson.

“And now, Ellen,” Elizabeth said, as soon as she had settled herself upon the sofa—“I must tell you a little about what has been going on in London. You must have been leading a wretchedly dull life here, for the last month. However, as there is no help for it, you must of course make the best of it. Papa

certainly does not seem equal to bear much company."

"I have not been dull; but I hope you do not think papa looking ill," Ellen said, anxiously.

"I cannot say that I think either of you are looking well. I dare say that you have been bored down here; and bore makes every body look ill.—Harriet Rivers is a great beauty; you will be quite struck by her beauty when you see her again. I think her very much improved. She has been so excessively admired; and I always observe that great admiration improves every body's beauty—they learn to make the most of it."

"I always thought Miss Rivers very handsome. I remember that you did not admire her much when she first came to town."

"Did not I? I forget—but my impression was that I have always admired her. However, I do not doubt that I admire her much more now. The more intimately she is known, the more she will be admired. She has so much expression. There is one person who, I

am sure, thinks as I do. At one time Lord Raymond would scarcely allow that she was handsome. Now, it is quite clear that he is desperately in love with her;—and I really think that he improves very much too upon acquaintance. I remember that when you left London we had settled that he was very disagreeable; but that was not wonderful, considering the neglect with which he treated us both. It was enough to pique us. Since then he has been a great deal at my house—for Harriet's sake, I imagine—and I like him very much.”

“He is to be here to-morrow, is not he? Frederick's arrival seems more uncertain;—but he wrote yesterday to say that he hoped he and Lord Raymond might come together.”

“Very likely—I should think it very possible that Frederick may come. I cannot say that I individually care very much whether he does or not. He is very clever, of course;—but I never understand what he is after. He seems so abstracted sometimes. And then it is so tiresome, never knowing whether to expect him

or not. Why cannot he come like any body else? And I am so tired of the sound of his name. He speaks upon every question; and people go on making a fuss with his speeches. There is nothing so wonderful now in his speaking well. He has been in Parliament a long time. Then the other evening, after he had been as grave and dry as possible all through dinner, he utterly spoiled a very promising conversation, in which Harriet Rivers and Lord Raymond were engaged, by catching at the word enthusiasm, and going off into a regular tirade in favour of it. Enthusiasm was a fine quality—he loved enthusiasm—and all that sort of thing. I did not know what he was after. In fact I never can make Frederick Percival out. What did you do with him when he was down here?”

“With Frederick?” said Ellen, laughing. “You forget how long this house was his home. You might just as well ask me what I did with Edward.”

She spoke without embarrassment; for she was always upon her guard with Elizabeth,

and she did not doubt that in a minute the cause of Frederick's disgrace would be brought to light.

“ Yes, to be sure—he did owe papa the attention of a visit. Nothing could be more natural. I forget whether I mentioned in my letters, that people revived that old absurd report of your marriage to him—to Frederick—who has not a sixpence he can call his own, and who never dreams of any thing but the House of Commons from morning to night! It was too absurd—I hardly took the trouble to contradict them. But you mentioned Edward. He only left London this morning. He actually took the trouble to pay me a farewell visit yesterday.”

“ And how was he? for I never can get him to mention his health, in his letters. When he went from here he had not fairly recovered either strength or looks; and in London he never allows himself time enough to sleep. I dare say that he has been doing much more than he ought.”

“ He seems to have an unfortunate propensity

for doing more or less than he ought. Where attention to his own family is called for, he takes the last-mentioned line. As usual, we have seen very little of him, and I cannot make out what he does with himself. I trust that he has not taken to live in low society. Nothing is so hopeless as that."

"Edward is the last person to do so," Ellen answered, steadily; "I do not fear *that* for him."

"Very likely you are better able to judge than I am—I do not pretend to know Edward much. When I married it was not the fashion in the family to think a great deal about him. John Harrison, who never sees or hears any thing rightly, told Mr. Dalrymple that he met Edward early one morning, walking with Harriet Rivers, in the garden in St. James's Park. He declares that they tried to avoid him, but that he kept them in sight till he was certain he was not mistaken. Nobody but John Harrison could have fancied such a thing. If he had seen them in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, it might have been possible

that they had met accidentally ; but at that end of the town it was impossible."

" Did he fancy that he met Mrs. Howard too?" Ellen asked, trying to appear unconcerned.

" No—only Harriet Rivers. There never was such nonsense. I told her, and she was excessively amused at the notion."

" She has a very independent manner," Ellen said, after a moment's pause. " As you just now said about Frederick, I cannot make her out. Does she ever talk about her own family? Do you at all make out from her, what sort of people Mr. and Mrs. Rivers are?"

" No, she hardly ever mentions them ; and, to confess the truth, I have never had the curiosity to inquire about them. They are probably like the common run of people who always live in the country, and subsist from one year's end to the other upon a stock of ideas which would not last us for a single day. She seems to be devoted to her uncle and Mrs. Howard."

“ And Edward, if we are to believe John Harrison.”

“ Ah ! yes, poor John Harrison ! it would be a charity to teach him to know, by sight, some who belong to what he calls the very superior set in which we live.—Edward would not have much chance with Harriet Rivers just now ; for she certainly likes Lord Raymond, and gives him very decided encouragement : not more than is quite right and dignified, but quite enough to prevent him from despairing of success ; and she is not at all the sort of girl who would marry for establishment. I shall be very glad to have Harriet Rivers settled as Lady Raymond. She is a real friend of mine. We suit each other particularly well.”

Mr. Dalrymple now entered the room, to say that as the half-hour bell had rung, and his mother was not yet arrived, he had taken the liberty to give directions that dinner should be kept back—he did not doubt that Ellen would see the propriety of this step.

“ Certainly,” Ellen said ; and she did not

doubt that the servants had seen the propriety of it before he gave his directions.

A very anxious half hour was passed in the drawing-room, after they were all dressed. Mr. Dalrymple wondered without ceasing what had happened. Something *must* have happened. Did not Elizabeth agree with him? His mother's carriage was ordered to be at the door at the same hour as his own—he heard the order given—what did Elizabeth suppose was the matter?

Elizabeth did not suppose any thing particular, and went on talking to Lord Mordaunt and Ellen. Soon after she went the length of suggesting that dinner should be ordered: it must be unpleasant for her father to wait so long.

Mr. Dalrymple's misery was at its height: but at that moment the travellers arrived. The man who drove them did not know the road, and had taken the wrong turn. They had been up a hill and down a hill, all to no purpose, and Mrs. Dalrymple said, she began to think that they should never arrive—this was the

sort of thing that always happened to her whenever she undertook a journey.

Ellen was struck by Miss Rivers's beauty when she saw her again. It was impossible to remember in absence how very splendid it was. Such magnificent dark eyes—and eyebrows! Ellen never grew tired of looking at them; and when she did smile, such a glowing, glittering smile—no one could resist it. As Elizabeth said, the more intimately she was known the more she must be admired. No wonder that Lord Raymond was consoled.

The next day he arrived, and then it was not quite so clear to Ellen that he *was* consoled. It was true that he talked more to Miss Rivers than he did to her—and true that she gave him quite sufficient encouragement to do so;—but for Miss Rivers there was not that devotion of look and tone which, when he addressed the slightest word to herself, still told that she was beloved.

Ellen felt no pleasure in this conviction, though perhaps she might have felt pain had she arrived at a contrary one;—but she was vexed,

truly, seriously vexed with Lord Raymond, for having come. Her pride was hurt. He had no right to think that his presence could be welcome to her. In two days Frederick Percival was to follow him; and if Lord Raymond's love was as deep and hopeless as he had so lately professed, it was strange that he should choose to meet his successful rival. It was hard upon her—he ought to have felt in what an awkward situation she would be placed.

The result of these reflections was, that she spoke to Lord Raymond as little as was consistent with her duties as lady of the house, and with a degree of coldness which she flattered herself must make him repentant and miserable. Lady Elizabeth threw out oblique hints that it would be as well if she could conceal her pique a little better.

Harriet Rivers, on her part, did not seem much given to the art of concealment—not at least where Lord Raymond was concerned. Ellen found her pleasant enough when he was not in the room. She talked much and well,

and her views of people and things were original. Naturally clever people, who have just seen enough of the world to enable them to talk about it, but not enough to have caught the conventional tone of society, are generally the pleasantest companions. All Harriet Rivers's opinions were evidently her own, and were fearlessly brought forward; and though it was doubtful whether they would wear well in the turnings and jostlings of life, Ellen could not but be amused at their independence.

She soon perceived what was the point of attraction between her and Elizabeth. The natural fastidiousness of one, and the sarcastic views of the other, generally brought them to the same conclusions. Lord Raymond alone escaped the general condemnation. Whatever might be the subject of discourse, Miss Rivers contrived to introduce his name; and then her countenance lighted up, and her voice grew animated, and she quoted his words and sayings with a degree of enthusiasm that quite comforted Ellen as to the state of her own feelings; for she retained her judgment suffi-

ciently to perceive that in much of what Harriet repeated there was nothing very remarkable.

When Lord Raymond was present, Miss Rivers betrayed still more clearly the interest he excited in her mind. Whenever he approached Ellen, her eyes followed him with an expression of anxiety, which Ellen pitied, even while she condemned the want of self-government it betrayed; and when, chilled by the coldness which Ellen displayed, he turned from her, Harriet spared no pains to attract him to herself; and then she would converse with him in a low earnest tone, which effectually prevented any one from breaking in upon their tête-à-tête, and which gave an appearance of mutual devotion, that perfectly justified Lady Elizabeth's surmises.

Still Ellen retained her original opinion. If sentiment existed, it was all on the side of the lady, and as yet had made no impression on the gentleman.

It was on the morning of the day that Frederick Percival was expected, that Lord Mor-

daunt handed a few simple lines to Ellen, which threw the whole society into a state of silent commotion. When it is perturbed, there is nothing like the perturbation of silence.

“This is from Frederick, my child, and he says that we may certainly expect him this evening.”

Lord Mordaunt said no more, and he only announced as certain, what was already considered more than probable; but still he set every body off thinking.

“I am very glad,” Ellen answered, and she could scarcely have said less;—but every body’s look was directed towards her, as if to see exactly what her words could mean.

Mr. Dalrymple spoke first. “So he really comes—I own that I, for one, did not expect it. I suppose that this is almost the first engagement Frederick Percival has kept since he came into office. We have several times suffered serious inconvenience from his throwing us over at the last moment, when we expected him to make the eighteenth at our dinner-table. Ellen, you may consider yourself

highly honoured that he keeps his engagement here.”

“ I hope that he does not mean to insist upon our all talking politics,” said Lady Elizabeth. “ We have never yet been driven to mention them ;—and I really believe that he can talk on no other subject. He is grown awfully official and political in his ways.”

“ Which, as his life is divided between his office and the House of Commons, is perhaps not very singular,” Mrs. Dalrymple observed, with some hesitation, as if she distrusted her own meaning.

“ Exactly so—very justly observed,” Charles Dalrymple said, feeling quite delighted with his mother’s penetration. “ Lord Raymond, will you be kind enough to hand my mother the buttered toast ; my mother is very partial to buttered toast. Lord Raymond does not hear—he seems quite absorbed in thought this morning. When people are in society, it is expected, that they should attend a little to the social duties. However I do not wish to disturb Lord Raymond. Ellen, may I trouble

you to hand my mother the toast? Ellen does not hear me either! Very extraordinary. It does not strike me that I am more difficult to hear than other people. There is some near Miss Rivers. Thank you, Miss Rivers, for being so singularly polite as to attend when you are spoken to."

"Lord Raymond," Miss Rivers said impatiently—"there surely must be something interesting in that newspaper you are studying so deeply. Let us have the benefit of it; for we seem to have exhausted our stock of original remarks. Lady Ellen, who has an additional guest to amuse and provide for, may be permitted to be cumbered with many cares; but we who have only to look forward to such an addition to our society, ought not to behave as if a thunder-bolt had fallen into the midst of us."

"I candidly own," Lady Elizabeth said, in a tone not loud enough to reach her father, "that Frederick's society has the effect of a wet blanket upon my spirits."

"I cannot agree with you, Lady Elizabeth,"

Lord Raymond replied, putting down his newspaper. "I do not know any one whom I think so pleasant in society as Frederick Percival. He can talk well upon all subjects. Perhaps in the trashy, worldly line we may have the advantage over him ; we may be able to tell him of the last marriage that has been declared, of those people who might be dead for any thing we care ; and he will be interested to a degree for which I envy him. I sometimes wonder how he, who has so many grave subjects upon his mind, can take such a lively interest in little things."

"Miss Rivers and I have settled to take a long ride this morning," Ellen said, as she rose from the table. "Lord Raymond, do you mean to go out shooting ? or will you join us ?"

"You cannot doubt what my answer will be," he said, with a look which made it fortunate that Miss Rivers was looking over the paper he had laid down ; and she went in such gay spirits to prepare for the ride, that it was evident she took her full share of the attrac-

tion which drew him from the pheasants and partridges.

Lord Raymond was in spirits too, and when she saw what importance he attached to it, Ellen almost regretted that gratitude for his defence of Frederick should have led her to give him the invitation to join them.

“Before we disperse for the morning, Ellen,” Mr. Dalrymple said with great solemnity, “I must request your attention for a few minutes, while we make the necessary arrangements for the christening.”

“My dear Charles,” said his mother, “nothing will be wanted but the clergyman and a china bowl. Ah, now,” she added with a look of maternal pride, “is not Charles quite amusing, with the fuss he makes with his baby? It is just the way with all these young fathers.”

Ellen positively refused to be amused by Charles, as a young father, or any thing else; but she professed her readiness to listen to whatever he might have to suggest.

“As I am anxious to reach my own home in time to attend the annual races, Lady Eliza-

beth and I have agreed that it would be as well to name for the ceremony an early day in the ensuing week. Suppose we say Wednesday? Do you concur with me in thinking that Wednesday will be a good day to name?"

"Perfect — the horses, I see, are coming round."

"I am sorry to detain you, but it will be necessary to write to your parish clergyman immediately, and secure his services. It will be best that the letter should come from myself. The name of your clergyman is I believe" — and he paused for information.

"You must know, Mr. Dalrymple," Lady Elizabeth exclaimed, "you have heard it forty times—Mr. Townshend."

"True — Mr. Townshend — I will write to Mr. Townshend, and perhaps Lord Mordaunt may consider it a proper compliment, to invite some of his immediate neighbours; in which case it would be advisable that the list should be made out without delay."

"We have no very near neighbours except the Beaumonts and Harrisons; and it may be

as well to ask them ; for we must eventually go through a dinner with them. I dare say they are just the sort of people to like being invited to a christening."

"There is no doubt," Mr. Dalrymple replied, "that they will consider being asked to this christening as a very marked attention ; and as they were early friends of Lady Elizabeth's, it is as well that it should be paid."

"Acquaintances—not friends"—Lady Elizabeth answered disdainfully.

"By-the-bye, Elizabeth," said Ellen, "Anne Beaumont is grown up to be quite pretty—I rather fancy what I have seen of her."

"Do you, my dear Ellen ? I cannot possibly enter into that—I cannot undertake to know one little black Beaumont from another."

"But Anne is tall and fair : she is not the least like the others."

"Very possibly ; but I am so used to hear and talk about the little black Beaumonts, I shall never distinguish her."

"I have often had the misfortune to meet Miss Eliza Beaumont," Mr. Dalrymple ob-

served, “and her total want of manners is very distressing. But I trust the importance of the present occasion will be some restraint to her. Ellen, as you are impatient to set off on your ride, you had better give me some cards, and allow me to write the invitations.”

Ellen made him quite happy by leaving the whole affair to his management.

Miss Rivers, when they returned, declared the ride had been delightful; but Ellen was distressed that it had lasted so long; for they found Frederick already arrived.

CHAPTER IV.

There be whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed :
But triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !

CAMPBELL.

Fox to be sure was vehement and wrong ;—
But then Pitt's words, you'll own, were rather strong.

GEORGE CANNING.

“THE Earl of Mordaunt and Lady Ellen Glanville request the pleasure of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Beaumonts company to dinner on Tuesday, September 15th.”

“Anne, just come and look at this card,” said Eliza, holding it out for inspection. “You see there is no apostrophe before the s. Do not you think that ‘the’ has probably been

left out?—‘The Miss Beaumonts,’ the servants were probably desired to write.”

“It is Lady Ellen’s own writing, and she is not likely to have made a mistake. I am afraid that only one is asked, and Maria will certainly go there. I should have had no chance even if two had been asked; but I should have liked to dine once at Mordaunt Castle. Some of the Harrisons will be there. Mr. Harrison and Julia, and Mr. John Harrison. Mrs. Harrison stays at home, because she expects the Francis Butlers. How odd it is to think that Kate should be Mrs. Francis Butler!”

“So it is, very odd; and yet as she is married to him it could not well be otherwise. Now, I am miserable about that dinner. I do not doubt that Lady Ellen reckoned upon my coming; but Maria must have her own way. It is very provoking—we lead such poking lives shut up here. Since Tom Brown spoiled that cricket-match, it has been quite impossible to get papa to do any thing.”

“What! you have got hold of that invitation already!” said Maria, who now entered

the room. "We have accepted it of course. There is a note begging that the rest of the family will come in the evening. I suppose that you and Anne will insist upon doing that; though it is a long way for the carriage to go backwards and forwards. The Dalrymples are there, and their child is to be christened."

"A christening!" Eliza exclaimed. "I am so glad it is a christening. I shall certainly go—I would not miss it for the world—I dare say that a christening will be very grand and amusing. Lord Mordaunt will be one godfather of course; but it is a boy, so there must be two, and I wonder who the second will be—I hope, somebody who will be pleasant to talk to. If, as I suspect, it turns out to be Mr. Percival, though it will be very dull for us, it will be a great blow to the Harrisons; for that would leave no doubt about him and Lady Ellen."

"Well, my dears, here I am! Your father and I are come back from our drive"—was the intelligence Mrs. Beaumont now imparted to her daughters, and which none of them very

well knew how to contradict. "We have been taking quite a long round. We began with Mr. Townshend. He talked a great deal about some new charity he and Lady Ellen are setting up. I did not listen much to the details; but your father disapproved of it altogether. He says that the poor have had too much done for them already, and are getting above themselves. He thinks that Lady Ellen overdoes things. However, Mr. Townshend never will listen to a word against her. He seems to think her quite perfection. I wonder how he reconciles that with the sermons he preaches every Sunday! He considers her altered though in spirits—he is sure she is not happy. The old man seemed quite anxious about her."

"Perhaps," said Maria, "she is attached to Mr. Percival, and he, after all, does not return it. He is the sort of man who might be very much bored with a wife."

"Mr. Townshend gave a very good account of the new people at the white house—Pringle their name is—Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, three sons, and no daughter. They are very regular

at church, and seem well to do in the world. Your father proposed leaving our cards upon them in our way home ; but just as we were going to turn in at the gate, we saw Tom Brown coming out ; and then your father would not go. Tom Brown had got on a white hat and claret-coloured coat, and looked quite like a gentleman. Your father was very much disgusted."

" And so you did not go," exclaimed Eliza. " What a pity ! Tom Brown spoils every thing. And after all he may only have been there in the way of his business. Some book or other probably wanted. Three sons and no daughter ! I dare say they are a remarkably pleasant family. You did not happen to ask if one of the sons is tall with dark hair ? I dare say, Anne, that he was the gentleman who was so civil about offering to help us over the style the other day. He did help me ; but Anne found a way round through a gate. He looked after us for a long while."

" And then," Mrs. Beaumont continued, " we went to the Harrisons. I could not get

your father to see it—but poor Mrs. Harrison looked sadly low. You know what a laugher she used to be at times. I do assure you she never laughed once heartily while we were there, though I talked as fast as I could all the time, about first one thing, then another—any thing that I thought, would please her. I told her what every body said about John Harrison being so much on the turf, and asked her whether she and Mr. Harrison were not very much vexed about it. But she scarcely gave me an answer. Poor woman! she changes very much for the worse. I sincerely hope she she has no inward complaint.”

“ If the report is true that John Harrison has a horse of his own to run at Hounslow races, there is no doubt she must be truly distressed about him. Who can tell where a man will stop who has once imbibed a taste for the turf? Racing is the worst kind of gambling. I am very thankful that we have no connexion with gamblers. Richard has no taste for the turf.”

There was something really sublime in Ma-

ria's tone, as she uttered this strictly moral discourse, which was meant to strike daggers to Anne's heart and conscience. Anne saw she was expected to speak, and thought that she would say something particularly safe. A mental vision of John Harrison's horse running misled her. "I have never seen a race. Perhaps if we should happen to be in town at the right time, papa will take us to Hounslow races."

"Anne," Maria said very sternly, "I am really shocked at you. Since you have taken up this unfortunate fancy for John Harrison, which is not the least returned by him, you have lost all sense of right and wrong. You defend gambling and every kind of vice. I really believe that you would think a great deal the better of Richard if he did but gamble."

"Why, Maria, I only said that I had never seen a race."

"I know very well what you said and what you meant. You had better let the subject drop now. You have got such a habit of flying into a passion if it is just gently hinted to you that you are not quite perfect, it will soon

be necessary to give up speaking to you at all."

To return to Mordaunt Castle.—Mr. Dalrymple was very much agitated as the hour for the christening approached. An uncle of his own was the second god-father, and in his absence he himself was to stand. He thought it would be better if they were all to settle where they were to be, before Mr. Townshend arrived; but he could get nobody to attend to him. He did not like the pattern of the china-bowl; and Lady Elizabeth *would* recline in an arm-chair, and talk, instead of going to see that the christening frock and cap were rightly prepared. Then he suddenly recollected a most remarkable omission. Mr. Bolland and his daughter were not asked. He literally gasped for breath as this struck him, and rushed to find Ellen. She was walking on the lawn with Frederick Percival. He expected to overwhelm her with a sense of her want of recollection; but she only looked puzzled, and said, "Yes—I thought of them; but my uncle could hardly like to bring Margaret into so large a party,

and I am sure that he would rather be excused from coming himself. Consider too, what a large party we are already: quite as many as papa will like."

"Fifteen—exactly fifteen—I did not like to distress you by mentioning it; but from the first I have felt that a sixteenth was most cruelly wanted. It was strange that the recollection of Mr. Bolland never presented itself before. Lady Elizabeth's own uncle!—shall I go in and despatch my servant with the invitation, and an apology that it has not reached him sooner?"

"No—I thank you—you may leave it to me—I will ask papa presently what he thinks about it."

"Presently! why it is two o'clock now—the ceremony takes place at six, and at half-past we dine. It seems, Ellen, that you forget the hour."

"No—and at all events you have reminded me of it now."

She was impracticable—Mr. Dalrymple could not tell what to make of her.

As soon as he was fairly out of hearing Ellen applied to Frederick for advice, as to what she had best do. Her account of Mr. Bolland's virulence against the Rivers's did not surprise him; for he was with his own family in Lancashire at the time of poor Frank's disgrace, and he remembered being both shocked and disgusted at the violence Mr. Bolland displayed in his letters to Mr. Rivers. He had since strongly represented to Edward how bitterly his uncle was likely to resent any thing like intimacy there; but he had made no impression; for Edward was not one to sacrifice present enjoyment to the uncertain chance of future advantage.

Frederick did not wonder that Ellen should dread inviting Mr. Bolland to meet Harriet Rivers; but he agreed with Mr. Dalrymple in thinking the invitation had better be sent immediately: for, with his morbid feelings about his family, Mr. Bolland would probably be seriously offended if he were left out. He thought that Ellen might safely trust that his taste for saying brutal things generally would

prevent Miss Rivers from being startled when he addressed them to her particularly.

The invitation was sent and accepted. Mr. Bolland had happily been absent for a week ; so he felt no surprise that he had not received it earlier.

“ I am afraid,” Frederick said as soon as this was settled, “ that you will think me no better than your uncle, but I must ask, why, after all, is Miss Rivers here? I thought that she was one of the very few whom you take the trouble to dislike ; and that here I should be perfectly safe from meeting her.”

“ Safe ! do you dislike her then? Do you know any reason why she should not be here ?”

“ No—no reason—none that I can specify—except that I do not wish to see Miss Rivers a very intimate friend of yours. But you have not answered my question. Why do I find her here ?”

Frederick looked disturbed, and Ellen, feeling convinced there was a mystery about Miss Rivers, which she was not to know, very naturally became exceedingly anxious to find it

out. Mr. Howard might look as fat and complacent as he pleased ; but she was thoroughly persuaded that he was at the head of a very mysterious family.

The company was all assembled at the hour Mr. Dalrymple had named ; and he would have been happy, if Mrs. Beaumont had not worn a black velvet gown,—which his mother declared was unlucky at a christening. It was very provoking ; Mrs. Beaumont ought to have known better. It was impossible but that a mother of a large family like hers *must* know better. It shewed great want of consideration. During the whole evening, Mr. Dalrymple never ceased casting reproachful looks at her. He was not far from thinking that she was engaged in a regular plot against the health and safety of his son and heir.

The boy was petted and admired to his heart's content ; and Ellen really did feel something like tenderness, as she kissed the little bale of French cambric and Valenciennes lace. Mr. Bolland did not raise himself the very least in the nurse's estimation, by desiring her to be

off with the little cub, when she brought it to him, that he might perform the same operation. She declared she had been upon the point of telling him, that if the child had been old enough to take notice, she never should have ventured to let it run such a risk of being frightened into fits, by going near such an ugly old fright.

Dinner went off very smoothly. Harriet Rivers sat as far as possible from Mr. Bolland, and happily her name was never once uttered across the table. Indeed, it struck Ellen that there was very little uttered of any kind. She could only secretly hope that the grandeur of the scene would make up for its dullness; for the French cook entered heartily into Mr. Dalrymple's views of the importance of a christening dinner, and exerted himself to the utmost. There was a surprise, of a spun-sugar cradle, with a white frosted baby, that made Ellen feel rather hot; but the Beaumonts and Harrisons were perfectly delighted with it, and Charles Dalrymple went himself to the kitchen the next day, to thank the cook for having thought of it.

Lord Raymond sat next to Ellen, but he was silent and dejected. The windows of his room looked upon the lawn, and it had been very unpleasant to him to see Frederick and Ellen walk up and down, backwards and forwards. The murmur of their voices, as they passed and repassed, disturbed him, and destroyed all power of attending to his book. He was a little surprised that Ellen should like to do this. She could not expect her secret to be preserved, when she herself took no pains to conceal it. He could not but be a little hurt to find that Ellen could be inconsistent. So that day his manner was as cold and distant as she could wish; and he felt he was doing a very right and proper thing, by shewing her how displeased he felt that she should walk up and down the lawn for half-an-hour, with the man she was eventually to marry!

Frederick Percival did not at that moment offend him by talking to any body—Mrs. Dalrymple was his neighbour on one side, Harriet Rivers on the other.

“Now, I merely ask you,” Lady Elizabeth

said, leaning across Lord Raymond to speak to Ellen, “ did you ever see any body in a more wet-blanketty mood ? His eyes fixed and his head up in the air ! Poor Harriet looks quite afraid of opening her lips, for fear she should disturb his political reverie.”

John Harrison did his very best to entertain Lady Elizabeth ; but she was not encouraging. Maria Beaumont said afterwards that she heard him ask very formally where was her brother Lord Lindsay when she last heard from him,—and she answered that she quite forgot to look at the date of his letter—the name of one foreign town did just as well as another !

Maria was quite amused to hear John Harrison so snubbed.

There was one comfort for Ellen : she had feared that her father would be oppressed by the sound of so many voices : it was now clear that that danger did not exist.

In their way to the drawing-room, Ellen prepared Miss Rivers for the sight of Margaret. Though so little calculated in any way to adorn it, she evinced a strange love for society, and

her father had announced to Ellen that she might be expected, with Dixon and her knitting. If he was to be dragged from his own home to please his brother on this family occasion, Ellen must be equally anxious that Margaret should be there. He had arranged with Mr. Beaumont that his daughters should call for her. Eliza loudly declared that she should not feel safe if she were shut up in a carriage with her. But there was no help for it; and when Ellen found that these new guests were already arrived, she was thankful that a son and heir of the house of Dalrymple could not be born every day.

Lady Elizabeth evidently considered that it was not her province to provide amusement for the people she had been the means of bringing together. Under pretence of going to see if the little Mordaunt was asleep, she secured half-an-hour's quiet in her own dressing-room; and finding when she went down stairs that the gentlemen were not yet come out, she quietly seated herself in an arm-chair, and took up a book.

During her absence the conversation had grown very animated, and Margaret, playing with the long ends of her sash, looked from one speaker to the other, and sometimes said—"What a noise they make, Dixon:"—which for the moment effectually chilled them all. Eliza Beaumont whispered to Julia Harrison, what a mercy it would be to herself, and her father, and every body, if she were dead.

"And so, Julia," said Mrs. Beaumont, "you have got your sister home again—poor thing! I dare say she is glad enough. If she cannot have a home of her own, her own natural home is what she must like best. I never yet heard of a young wife who could put up long with her husband's family. No doubt poor Mrs. Harrison shed tears, and plenty, when she saw her again."

"Tears! oh no, none. You never heard such a screaming and noise in all your life as we made. It was such fun to see Kate drive up in a carriage of her own; and when Francis Butler himself threw the drawing-room door wide open, and announced Mrs. Francis Butler,

I thought mamma would have died of laughing."

"Ah, well!" Mrs. Beaumont answered, looking very nervous, "all that is quite right. If Kate does not enjoy herself now, when will she enjoy herself? The troubles of life will come upon her fast enough. Your mother's experience could tell her that. It is a pity you have not some friend who could give old Mr. Butler a hint to spend some of his heaps of money in making them comfortable. I have no patience with people who hoard up their money. Why cannot he buy them a house?"

"He has," Julia answered triumphantly. "I have been longing to see you, that I might let you know. He has taken a very pretty house for them at our end of the town. I always said it would be so. I knew that it could not be otherwise; but nobody would believe me. We do so all doat upon dear old Mr. Butler! This house is all Kate's doing. He knew that Kate wished it. Francis says that he is quite jealous of Kate's influence. She can do any thing with his father."

“I hear the gentlemen coming up,” said Eliza; and she was right; they came in talking with great eagerness. Lord Mordaunt called Ellen, and asked her whether she knew where his map of the county was to be found. “My good friend here,” he added, looking at Mr. Beaumont, “wishes to set us all right about the bit of waste land near Bolland farm. He and Harrison cannot agree about it. They are arguing as to what parish it belongs to.”

“Pray, Lady Ellen,” said Mr. Harrison eagerly, “do not trouble yourself to look for the map—I know that it belongs to Dornton parish. I had occasion to ask the question no later than yesterday. Lord Mordaunt, I will give you my authority. There cannot be better authority on all parish matters. The man has just been elected overseer. He has worked his way up entirely by talent. We live in times when talent tells; and a sharp clever fellow as ever was born is Tom Brown.”

“Lady Ellen,” Mr. Beaumont said emphatically, “if it is not asking too much, *I* will

trouble you to send for the map. It is a little hard to be expected to take as gospel the testimony of a parish pauper, who but yesterday had no stake in the county, and who would probably say black's white, to work out his own ends. I know nothing of Tom Brown but his look; and a more vulgar swaggering-looking blackguard, I never beheld. Thank heaven, I have no object in view which obliges me to hold communication with such fellows as Tom Brown."

"What, are you bothering about that bit of waste land still?" was growled forth by Mr. Bolland. "What can it signify to either of you which parish it belongs to? It is my land. I made a cheap purchase of it last Michaelmas.

"*You* probably knew nothing about it," he added with a nod to his brother; "but our superb nephew made up his mind to spend some of your money, that he might make it an addition to the family property. He trusted his business to other people—I was there myself and outbid you—and got it a bargain too. As

it seems an object to some of you to know, the land lies in Dornton parish."

"Trust my friend Tom Brown for never being wrong," said Mr. Harrison, with a laugh of triumph. "What have you got to say now, eh! Beaumont? You had better be careful, for I should not wonder if we were to have Tom Brown for our representative, before we are fairly tucked up in our graves. There is a strong radical party at Dornton."

"And you will think it an honour, I suppose," Mr. Beaumont replied with a bitter smile, "if the parish pauper can manage by his interest to bring in your son John there as his colleague. I could scarcely have imagined that the madness of the times could have brought the Harrison pride so low as that. Dornton will find cause to rue the day when the reform bill passed."

"What a noise they make, Dixon," Margaret repeated.

"They do indeed," Mrs. Beaumont exclaimed, in a transport of distress. "Lady Ellen, I am so vexed that Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Harrison

should have got to their politics. I wish I knew what to say to quiet them. If Mrs. Harrison were here she would stop them in a minute. Mr. Percival, you, who are a real politician, do say something. If they stop to listen to you they cannot both go on speaking at once. Do hear Mr. Beaumont—his voice is louder than ever—and there is Mr. Harrison's just as bad.—My dear Mr. Beaumont, will you listen to me? I say, what does the Reform bill signify at Dornton? Our grocer's bill, and all our bills, are much more reasonable than they used to be. I wish you would leave the Reform bill alone."

"Well, my dear, I have done," Mr. Beaumont answered, looking very red, as he walked off to the other end of the room.

"You are an excellent political economist, Mrs. Beaumont," said Frederick Percival.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Percival, do not call me a political anything. I do make my house-bills as economical as possible; but I detest the very name of politics. They quite spoil the comfort of all our meetings with the Harrisons.

I am sure I dread the very name of politics ; and poor Mrs. Harrison is more worried than she chooses to say by them."

"I quite agree with Mrs. Beaumont," said Lady Elizabeth, who had never in her life condescended to know she had an opinion. "Politics are very tiresome in private society. Of course, Frederick, I mean nothing personal to you and Lord Raymond, who have been talking nothing else for the last half hour. I believe that he and Harriet are still going on with the same subject."

Ellen could not resist turning her head towards them, and there was Harriet Rivers, her dark eyes flashing, her radiant smile beaming, almost as unlike the cold, inanimate Harriet Rivers she had sometimes seen, as she was to the unfortunate Margaret Bolland, who sate beside her, as if to serve for a foil—her heavy brow seeming yet more lowering—her whole attitude still more hopeless, from the contrast.

Ellen did not turn away shrinking from the sight of Harriet's happiness. She felt she must learn to bear it: she must do more: she

must strive to rejoice at it. She could well fancy Miss Rivers's feelings at that moment. There had been distrust of Lord Raymond—there had been jealousy of herself—but this evening all was prospering to her. Lord Raymond, but a short time before so silent and spiritless, was conversing with an appearance of earnestness and devotion, which really did seem to Ellen a little overdone, now he was not conversing with herself. Lady Elizabeth's attack did not the least disconcert him.

“You should blame Percival, not us,” he answered. “You know you told us yesterday morning how well he conversed in that line. We have been drawing him out. When told that a person speaks particularly well about one particular subject, it is natural to conclude that he cannot speak at all about any other. Indeed, Percival, I almost think that Lady Elizabeth hinted as much.”

Frederick laughed, and then turned to Ellen. “Do you agree with Elizabeth? Does all I say upon any other subject fail in making any impression upon you?”

Ellen laughed too, and disclaimed ; but she coloured so deeply, that Eliza Beaumont twitched Julia Harrison's gown, and made her a sign to look. It was altogether an unfortunate question of Mr. Percival's, considering he only meant it to revive some pleasing little reminiscence confined to Ellen and himself. It affected so many of the party in various ways. Lord Raymond actually started as he heard it, and relapsed into gravity and silence ; and then Miss Rivers's animation fled. Ellen, by way of saying something, addressed herself to her, and made some trivial remark about the ride they had taken in the morning. That was unfortunate again. She forgot that but a moment before she had been congratulating herself, that by some happy chance, Miss Rivers's name had not been pronounced so as to attract her uncle's attention ; but he was standing near Ellen when she spoke, and when she ceased, an ominous frown had gathered upon his countenance.

“ Rivers ! Rivers's daughter ! ” he said, in a voice so little modulated that Ellen trembled

lest Harriet should hear him. "I thank you, my fair niece, for humouring your uncle's tastes. Why is the girl here? or why am I here to meet her?"

"She came with Elizabeth—Elizabeth knows her intimately. I could not refuse to receive her, and I feared you would think me neglectful if I did not beg you to come to us to-day. My dear uncle, whatever reason you may have to be offended with Mr. Rivers, you must remember that his daughter was a child at that time; she must have been ignorant of all that passed."

"I dislike the breed," Mr. Bolland answered roughly. "She thinks herself a beauty, I see, and Edward I suppose agrees with her. I understand the Rivers' friendship now. But a beggar's daughter will not be richly endowed, and I doubt whether the pride of the army has found his campaigns in St. James's Street particularly lucrative. Ellen, I know you reckon upon my money, to give him luxuries he was not born to. But I tell you fairly, that if he marry into that family, I would see him in a gaol, and not a farthing from my pocket should help

to free him from it. And if I read Lindsay's character rightly, money would not flow freely from *his* pocket either ; and my brother would be swayed by him. You and he are warned : follow up this Rivers connexion if you please."

"Margaret, whose eyes were fixed upon her father while he spoke, now burst into one of her unaccountable laughs. "Rivers, what makes you talk of that? You told me that you hated the name, and I was never to mention it, and now you are saying it yourself."

"Call me by any other name you please, Miss Bolland," Harriet answered carelessly, as if she were humouring a child. "Perhaps, if you dislike the sound of Rivers, you would wish it changed to some other you are more used to hear—I have no objection. Mr. Percival, I shall not allow you to escape without finishing that game of chess I so nearly won last night. The housemaids have been good enough to leave it undisturbed. Will you come and let me triumph over you?"

"You seem to wish to triumph over more than me," Frederick could not resist saying, as

he saw her pass Mr. Bolland, looking something very like defiance.

“ Well,” said Eliza Beaumont aside to Julia Harrison, “ this is what I call a very dull evening. It is all I can do to help yawning. I wish that Lady Ellen had asked the Pringles, or somebody new, for us to talk to. Not that anybody can talk while Lady Elizabeth is in the room ; she gives one such grand supercilious looks. And I wonder what is the use of the old lady who is asleep in the arm-chair. I will ask Mr. Dalrymple. Mr. Dalrymple, what is the name of that old lady, in the ridiculous cap, fast asleep ? There—do not you see ? Why you must see—there is but one old lady in a ridiculous cap.”

“ The lady you are now pointing out is my mother. It would be advisable that young ladies should be a little cautious of expressing opinions they are totally incompetent to form. My mother’s caps have never in any way been considered ridiculous.”

“ What a scrape I got into, to be sure,” Eliza very naturally remarked, as he walked indig-

nantly away. "But I do not much care. He cannot look more peevish one time than another; and it is a very ridiculous cap. I will ask your brother John what he thinks—no—I cannot catch his eye, he is so busy talking to Anne—and Anne never talks at all generally. I am afraid he must find her very dull. I dare say he would be much happier, if we could make him come here."

John Harrison did not agree with her. He remained quietly where he was, till the dull evening ended, and the carriages were announced, and then he only approached Eliza to say something very tart and disagreeable. He rather piqued himself upon saying tart things.

"We have not met, Miss Eliza Beaumont, since the evening we all passed together at the Sprys. My sisters have been telling me a sad story of my friend Spry. Who can tell, if the wife had not appeared, whether we might not have lived to see him prosecuted for bigamy?"

Ellen held out her hand to Lord Raymond, as she bid him good night; for this time she

would not let Elizabeth say that she was piqued.

“ Good night, and good bye Lady Ellen,” he said, as for a moment he detained her—“ I start for London early to-morrow. Miss Rivers, I need not go through the ceremony of parting with you ; for in a day or two we shall meet again.”

CHAPTER V.

No word he spake,
Nor owned the pangs his bosom knew ;
But his full heart was like to break,
In every throb his bosom drew.

HOGG.

And I a childless man may end the name.

CHARLES LAMB.

ON the day succeeding the christening, the party was to disperse, Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Dalrymple to their own house in Shropshire, Miss Rivers and Mrs. Dalrymple to their separate habitations in London, and Frederick Percival to his confinement in the purlieus of Downing Street. Lord Raymond had remained firm to his resolution, and was some way on the

road to London before the rest of the party were assembled at breakfast.

“ I think, Harriet, we ought to feel flattered, whatever Ellen may do,” Lady Elizabeth said ; “ for Lord Raymond seems to govern his movements by ours. He came a few hours before we did, and now he goes a few hours before we do. He says he shall feel quite lost when we have left London. He will not have one excuse left to bring him up from Norland. I am really fond of Lord Raymond. I wish, Ellen, that you and he could get on better together. He can be so excessively pleasant when he chooses to take the trouble.”

There was a great deal to talk over at breakfast that morning. Lady Elizabeth found it worth while to express her contempt and aversion for the Harrisons individually, and the Beaumonts collectively ;—for they were still the little black Beaumonts ; she could not distinguish Anne from the others ; she tried very hard indeed, but she really could not. There were letters too from the Lindsays. They were established at Naples for the winter, and Lady

Lindsay was more grateful, more affectionate, more happy, and more fond of every body than ever, because she was so happy. Lady Elizabeth really thought that she must pack up her things, and go off to Naples directly, if every body was so delightful there:—she never could find delightful people in England—she was very unfortunate—she did her best, but she never could.

Lady Lindsay wrote vaguely as to their future movements. “Dear Lindsay” seemed quite contented there, and she had not asked him how long they were to stay;—perhaps he had not settled yet.—But dear Lindsay *had* settled; and in his letter he announced the month, and almost the very day of the month, on which he intended to return to England. Early in April they might be expected. They would pass some time at Paris on their way.

Lady Elizabeth said that she would seize this opportunity to write to Lady Lindsay: she was always puzzled for something to tell her, but now she could enlighten her as to her own future proceedings; which it was clear

that Lindsay did not think it worth his while to do.

“I cannot quite remember when Lindsay left England,” Lord Mordaunt said, looking towards Ellen—“I remember nothing very clearly now. Six months hence is a long time for an old man to look forward to who is losing his memory for the past. April may bring Lindsay, but I may not be here to see him. Elizabeth, you leave me too to-day; and a parting at my age is an awful thing. Let my grandchild be brought to me before you go.”

There was depression in his tone, and Ellen found it difficult to answer him cheerfully. She could not bear to own, even to herself, that there was truth in his word; but when in the fullness of her heart she prayed that his life might be prolonged, she feared that it was a selfish prayer; for his powers of enjoying life were failing fast.

“And we too, Ellen, are to part for months,” Frederick Percival said, as they returned together to the drawing-room, after the departure of the Dalrymples. “Lord Mordaunt is

right ; such partings are awful things. I have no chance of getting away from London again, and before we meet, you will have time to forget my existence. I mean to keep a strict watch over Raymond's movements. If I hear of him here again, I shall really begin to be jealous. Ellen, do you think that you could take the trouble to feel jealous about me ?”

“ The trouble ! oh, Frederick, what a strange expression to use.”

“ I do not see that. It would be very troublesome to feel jealous ; and if once I began to feel jealous of Raymond, I should be very jealous indeed. I have always liked him, but I never saw so much of him before ; and he has powers of making himself generally pleasant, which I really envy him. I live too little in society to make myself pleasant when I am there, or to have any taste for it ; and yet I do not like to pass in solitude the few idle hours I can call my own. Elizabeth tells me I am reserved. But she is quite mistaken ; I am never so happy as when I can find any one with whom I can speak openly, and who will

be interested in what interests me. Every day that passes makes me feel more impatient for the time when we, Ellen, shall be every thing to each other; when I need no longer fear to return to a solitary home. These long partings are so irksome; they make me even shy with you. Do you know there are many things I thought, before I came, I would mention to you, and I did not; because you could only be interested in them for my sake, and I feared you must have forgotten how to set about being so."

"But you should not fear that, Frederick; that would be a fatal mistake to make. Promise before we part that you will never doubt me. Indeed it is the most fervent wish of my heart to share in all that troubles or rejoices yours. I will strive to make you wish for no other confidante than me."

"My own Ellen!"

Frederick said no more, but Ellen felt satisfied that if he had doubted her, at that moment his doubts were dispelled. Still, when he was gone, she thought again and

again of what he had said. He had been dissatisfied with her—that was clear. How then, through a long life, could she hope to satisfy him? She could not answer the question to her own satisfaction, so she wisely determined to think of something else. It is a bad sign when it is easier to dismiss a puzzling subject altogether from the mind, than to view it in the light which we feel to be the right one.

Ellen's spirits had sunk under the internal struggles of the last few months. So strong in that knowledge of the future with which youth is so eminently gifted, she of course settled that she could never know anything like happiness again. In fact her feelings on the subject were so rational, she believed she had better have no future at all, unless she could make it contribute to the happiness of Frederick Percival.

Following up such thoughts as these, she had walked to a little distance from the house, when she saw a carriage coming towards her. Mrs. Dalrymple had forgotten a bandbox—a most important bandbox—it held the ridiculous

cap. She was very much provoked with her maid—she should go up stairs herself to look for it—so she had turned back all the way from the lodge, and Miss Rivers, who had shewn the greatest imperturbability when she parted from Ellen, seemed to be suddenly seized with a fit of compunction, and begged to be allowed to alight and join her, while the maid received the awful practical lesson of seeing old Mrs. Dalrymple go up stairs to fetch her own cap.

“Lady Ellen,” said Miss Rivers hurriedly, “how odious you must think me. We had hardly driven from the door when I longed to turn back and beg you to judge me as little harshly as you could ; and now chance has befriended me. I know that your brother Edward has no concealment from you now. I know what you must think of us all. There must exist one single point of sympathy between you and your uncle—the very sound of our names must be equally hateful to you both. I had no right to come unasked to your house ; it was a strange infatuation that made me do so : but I thought I would humble myself to you—that I

would try and force you to like me—and you must think I have well acted up to my resolution—well indeed—but from the moment I entered the house, a thousand conflicting emotions agitated me. Pride was the strongest of them all. I could not humble myself to you, who I felt must think so ill of me. It was not till you spoke to me so kindly at parting, that my pride gave way; and now, before we lose sight of each other for so many months, let me have the comfort of thinking that you forgive me for the part I have played? There were many inducements to lead me on: there was folly; utter ignorance of the world; blind devotion to what I thought the happiness of one I love. These and many more, but no worse motive—oh! believe me, none.”

“I do believe you,” said Ellen, touched by the impassioned earnestness of her manner; “and you too must believe me, that I am as anxious as you can be, that through Edward that happiness may not be blighted. I have implored him again and again not to let the infatuation of the present moment blind him to

the almost certainty of future misery.—You start at so strong an expression ; but as you have spoken first, it is better you should know the truth. Edward has no will but hers. All now must rest with you and your influence. Again I must beseech you to believe that I am as anxious for their true welfare as you can be.”

“ Thank you for the kindness with which you have spoken, and for the patience with which you have borne my wayward temper. Farewell, Lady Ellen. You at least can never know unhappiness. You are loved and admired by all whose love and admiration are worth having.”

There was no time to answer. The carriage, Mrs. Dalrymple, the penitent maid, and the precious band-box, were all in waiting. Miss Rivers wrung Ellen’s hand, and left her with feelings more softened towards herself than, a few minutes before, Ellen could have thought possible. It is well sometimes to hear in what light we appear to others. “ You at least can never know unhappiness,” Miss Rivers had said ; and from a strange mixture of feelings, Ellen smiled as she repeated these words to

herself; for she had lately been so entirely persuaded she could never know anything else, that she was really amused when she found the fact was not universally allowed.

She had scarcely returned to the house, when a servant of her uncle's came and requested to see her himself. Ellen was very much shocked at the intelligence he brought. Mrs. Dixon, he said, had sent him, unknown to Mr. Bolland. His unfortunate daughter was dead. In the evening after her return from Mordaunt Castle, she had complained of a weight upon her forehead. There was something in her look which had alarmed Dixon, who watched by her, till she apparently sunk to sleep; but in the morning she found her in the same position, already stiff and cold. Her death must have been occasioned by the sudden rupture of some vessel. His master was talking on sadly, the servant said,—declaring that he had lost the only living creature that ever cared for him; and he was very angry indeed when some one asked him if Lord Mordaunt should be sent for. He said his grief should not be the breakfast

talk of a parcel of people who would smile at their own conceits, while his and his daughter's name were yet in their mouths. He expected no sympathy; he wished for no vain demonstrations of pity. Mrs. Dixon thought that if Lady Ellen would come as if by chance, and try to persuade her master that some one did feel for him, it might be of use. He had shut himself up in his room now, and refused to admit his servants, or to have any food brought to him. This was what frightened them all. Servants think a grief must be very desperate indeed, if the mourner cannot eat as usual.

Ellen went to her father for a moment, to tell him what had happened, and then lost no time in obeying the summons. She could not lament Margaret for her own sake, but she was deeply grieved for her uncle. He was strange; but he, who seemed to take pride in declaiming against natural affection, and who, as regarded his son, had been eminently successful in stifling the slightest demonstration of it, had always shewn for Margaret a degree of tenderness seemingly foreign to his nature, and which,

Ellen now remembered with a pang of remorse, she had partly ascribed to the cross-grained disposition which would lead him to cherish a feeling in which no one else was likely to share. But however it had originated, the feeling had been there ; and it was with a solemn and awe-struck spirit that Ellen entered the house where death was present, and stood in the room where she had usually found Margaret. All her tastes and all her occupations were childish. Her dog and her birds she would play with for hours. Dominos, drafts, and crude attempts at drawing, served for her more serious employments. The dog and the birds were there ; the pencil lying where she had left it the day before. Ellen had just taken in her hand the paper upon which were the last lines Margaret had traced, when the door was hastily opened, and her uncle stood before her. If for one moment she was startled at his sunk and haggard look, the next she was positively terrified at the fierceness with which he addressed her.

“Ellen Glanville, what fiend has moved you to come here, to stand where my dead daughter

stood? Was it my brother who sent you, that the sight of your bright and blooming health might mock a childless father? And how dare you touch this," he continued, snatching from her the paper she held. "Could you not wait till my girl was in her grave, before you strive to destroy all trace of what was hers? In this room I was prepared to see no living thing except the dumb creatures that belonged to her. I was prepared to hear no living voice. I wished to be alone, and alone I shall henceforth be. Leave me, girl—go back to your gay party at home."

"We have no gay party at home—they have all left us. My dear uncle, I came in the hope that I might persuade you to return with me. There are but my father and myself. You must let me try to be a daughter to you as well as to him."

Ellen tried to take his hand, but he shook her off.

"Words — mere words — I cannot listen — I want to be alone. Daughter! she a daughter!" he continued, as if he forgot her presence;

“ she my brother’s child ! She is like all the rest : she dislikes me — she despised *her*. I never wish to see one of them again. Here, Juno, here,” and he stooped down to caress the dog that was lying at his feet ; but, unused to be taken notice of by him, it growled and shrunk away. He laughed bitterly : “ I knew how it was :—no living thing but she could ever suffer me.”

Ellen felt her presence did more harm than good, and prepared to leave him ; but tears came into her eyes as she saw the convulsive working of his features, and listened to words so expressive of his feelings of desolation. She once more ventured to take his hand, “ Papa will be grieved that you do not return with me—but you must let us both come to you to-morrow.”

“ Nor to-morrow—nor the next day—nor the next—I only ask to be left alone. It is very hard that I am to be thwarted in the only thing that I have lowered myself to beg of you. I have a great deal to do ; here are all these things of hers to be put away ; and I must give

orders about her funeral. Not one of you cared for her in life—not one of you shall attend her to the grave—I beg that I may be left to myself.”

Ellen’s tears fell upon the hand she now relinquished, and she turned away in silence. For a moment a softened feeling seemed to come over him.

“I had not thought,” he said, “that one existed who could shed tears for me. You are a good girl, Ellen, and I believe would shew me any kindness you could; but it is natural that you should have no care but for my brother. Margaret never cared for any one but me. She did care for me. Say what they would of her, I have the best right to know; for I have not been so spoiled by affection as to fancy it where none exists. Well—she is better off than I shall be—for she has left one to lament her. I should be puzzled to find an answer if the question were addressed to me, ‘Why cumberest thou the ground?’”

“Yet all whom Heaven leaves on earth to enjoy a happy, or drag on a weary existence,

must have an answer provided, if they but know where to seek for it; for nothing is useless that Heaven wills."

"I do not wish to be preached to," said her uncle, impatiently interrupting her; "what I feel is between Heaven and myself. You need not fear that I shall trust to man for comfort; for I have small cause to feel overweening confidence in his kindness. Now leave me. Thank my brother for his offered visit; but tell him I would rather be alone."

For several succeeding days Ellen was refused admittance. Their master was well, the servants said, but he never stirred from the house, and seemed to find a strange pleasure in giving the most minute directions about the funeral. His daughter, he said, should not be buried in the family vault. She had been despised and neglected by the family, as he had been before her—she should not rest among them in the grave.

No notification was sent to Mordaunt Castle of the day when her father—sole mourner—went to see her laid there; but it was a grand

procession, the village people said, and it had an odd neglectful look, when there were so many empty mourning coaches, that none of the old Lord's family should help to fill them.

The Beaumonts and Harrisons talked of nothing else for a week; and Tom Brown introduced an insidious paragraph in the "New Dornton's Gazette," flinging at what was termed "aristocratic petrification of heart, and anti-consanguinity of feeling"—which, from the radical tone that pervaded it, made Mr. Beaumont's blood run cold.

The day succeeding the funeral, Ellen once more directed her steps towards Bolland Farm. She found her uncle busily employed in the farm-yard, directing his labourers, and except perhaps an added shade of moroseness in the tone of his voice, there was nothing in his manner to remind her of the loss he had sustained. She carefully avoided alluding to Lord Mordaunt; for she was justly persuaded that the sound of his name in her mouth roused the jealous feelings of the childless father.

For some time her uncle continued to give

his directions about the building of a pig-stye, with as much devotion to the subject as if she had not been present; but suddenly observing that she had strolled to a little distance, he called after her: "Stay where you are—I have something to say to you."

She was not long kept in suspense; for Mr. Bolland was not a man to be stopped by the difficulty of finding out the most agreeable way of expressing his intentions. "I know, Ellen, well enough, that if you could be sure Edward would have my property when I am gone, you would not be sorry to see me dead and buried, like poor Margaret. Never take the trouble to deny it," he continued, seeing she was about to speak: "I expect nothing better from you. I found nothing better in those from whom I had a right to expect more. I hate the recollections of my boyhood—and I have reason to hate them; scorned, neglected, or only remembered to be jeered at by those who, having given me life, ought to have had some conscience before they made that life the bitter boon it was. I never enter that old castle there,

that early recollections do not come back to me, of taunting words and struggling tears, and such a burning sense of unkindness and injustice as young unhardened hearts will feel. My brother, to be sure, was kind in his way; but it is easy enough for those to shew kindness who meet with nothing else themselves. Thank Heaven, I never was called upon for much gratitude, where I could feel no affection. My family did no more for me than was necessary to keep up appearances, in the judgment of the world. They were passive in every thing but unkindness. My brother was all in all at home. If the dates of our births had been reversed, it might have been different. My father was happily spared the trouble of providing for me. I have valued this property the more, because it came to me from a stranger; and to strangers, if it so pleases me, I am free to leave it. Even the portion which was destined to Margaret is thrown back upon my hands. I have destroyed the will I had made; and if I were to die this night, Lindsay would be the better for it. But that very thought

would give me strength to live.—I detest Lindsay.”

“ You forget, uncle, that he is my brother”—Ellen took upon herself at this crisis to observe.

“ I do not forget it ; and though he is your brother, your elder brother, you know as well as I do, that he is selfish and overbearing, and a character, that, if you were free from the humbug of what is called natural affection, you would particularly dislike. However, I have nothing to do with your opinion of him ; I merely express my own. Edward I thought better of, till he chose to throw himself into that showy idle profession which teaches him nothing but folly and extravagance. However, he has had a rough lesson or two, to show him its unprofitableness, and may be ready to give it up if it were made worth his while. You may tell him this from me:—let him leave the army—let him give me his sacred promise that he will have no connection with any of the name of Rivers—and I will settle upon him, now, enough to make Lindsay stare, and to enable him to

live as few younger sons have the means of doing; and after my death he shall succeed to this, upon condition it retains its name of Bolland Farm, and that no part of the property shall ever pass into the hands of Lindsay. This is what I wished to say to you. Let me have his decisive answer—yes or no—I do not wish to be drawn into the bother of a correspondence. If he prefers the friendship of the Rivers's to compliance with my wishes, he is free to choose; but he will have nothing farther to expect from me.”

Ellen went home and transmitted Mr. Bolland's message to Edward; but she was not sanguine as to the effect of her own eloquence, in favour of his taking time for consideration, before he determined to reject his uncle's offers. The result proved that her forebodings were right; for, by return of post, she received his answer, the five first lines of which set the question at rest:—

“ My dearest Ellen,—Under *no* circumstances would I have consented to give the promise my uncle would exact from me—under

present circumstances it is impossible. I am already bound by vows which cannot be broken. She is mine now—mine only—and for ever.”

CHAPTER VI.

'Sdeath !

The rabble should have first unroofed the city
Ere so prevailed with me ; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ The chafes of envy vanity can soothe,
For dear self-love the ruffled mind will smooth.”

“ WELL to be sure, that beats every thing. I could not have believed it if I had only been told — ” Mrs. Beaumont exclaimed, as she entered the room, after having paid a morning visit to the Harrisons. “ But I saw the cards on the table—great packs all ready to write upon—bought at Tom Brown's too, you may be sure—as I saw by a printed paper on the

table, though Julia tried to shuffle it away when she caught my eye upon it. I really wonder what they mean by employing him. However, girls, there is no need to tell your father: it might set him and Mr. Harrison off in a dispute."

"But, mamma," said Eliza, "you have not told us yet what the cards are for. Are they playing cards, or what?"

"Surely," Maria observed, in that awful tone peculiarly appropriated to John Harrison's class of sins—"surely in *that* house they never will venture to give the smallest encouragement to any kind of gambling. Many who have begun by playing at cards for nothing, have ended on the turf, where they may lose thousands."

Anne shook her head, and looked very melancholy.

"My dears, what are you all talking about?" said Mrs. Beaumont. "I never mentioned any thing about gambling. I dare say there may be some trouble of that kind going on about John Harrison, but I cannot say that I heard anything of it. No, I fancy that poor

dear Mrs. Harrison had enough to think of without John's gambling. She is going to give a ball. I am sure I pitied her when I saw her sitting there with all the cards before her."

"A ball! the Harrisons going to give a ball! Maria, are you listening? I think I never heard of a more astonishing thing. I saw Julia on Thursday, and she said nothing about it. A ball! the Harrisons of all people to give a ball! I really cannot get over it. However I am very glad. We lead such monotonous lives—I am sure it cannot be good for us. We had that one dreadfully dull evening three weeks ago at Mordaunt Castle, and since then we have done nothing but sit at home and grumble about Tom Brown. I am really quite glad sometimes when bed-time comes. I dare say that we shall meet the three Mr. Pringles there; and they will certainly want to make acquaintance with us. We will go the first, and stay the last, and make the most of it."

"There is no use in settling that beforehand," said Maria; "most probably it will

turn out very stupid. You may be sure that they are only giving it to shew off Kate as a bride, and her marriage is an old story now. If they do so much in honour of the Butler connexion, they had better get the Butlers to pay for the ball."

"Ah, my dear, there it is—Mr. Butler does pay for the ball. How Kate has contrived to get round that old man I do not know; but she has somehow managed to squeeze this ball out of him. I cannot understand it; for every body agrees that he is as great an old miser as ever lived. It is to be called Julia's ball. Kate says it is given to please Julia, but she means to dance herself. I could not help asking Mrs. Harrison whether she approved of young married women dancing; and though she tried to laugh it off, and said she did not mind for once, it was easy to see she was not well satisfied. Mr. Butler is to come down to pay them a visit, and then this ball is to be given."

"I was in the room," said Anne, "when Kate first thought of writing to him about it. Mr. John Harrison was there, and he said he should be very

glad if something of the sort were done—it would make them all very popular at Dornton.”

“Oh, my dear Anne,” said Maria. “Pray spare us John Harrison’s radical speeches. It would require a considerable number of balls to make him popular any where. I suppose the next thing will be, we shall see you going down a dance with Tom Brown, to please John Harrison ; for of course Tom Brown will be invited to dance, as well as play at cricket.”

“My dear,” said her mother, “you should not make such a joke as that. Your father would be very angry if he heard you. The Harrisons expect that Lady Ellen will come ; they make quite sure of her ; and they have heard something about Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Miss Rivers being at Mordaunt Castle at that time, and of course Lady Ellen will have somebody to meet them. Lord Raymond perhaps—nothing more likely—and he will be a great card for the Harrison ball. They are reckoning upon a party from Mordaunt Castle—that I see. They will be sadly disappointed if they get nobody from there. John Harrison too is to bring down a party

of friends from London, and fine difficulty there will be in lodging them all."

"I wish," Eliza observed, "that Richard would bring home his friends sometimes. Richard is so very stupid about never bringing home his friends. I wonder whether he has got any. It would be much more pleasant for us if he would let us see some of them now and then."

"If Richard's friends are to belong to the same set as John Harrison's, I sincerely hope that he has none," said Maria.

"After all, Lady Ellen will very likely not go," observed Mrs. Beaumont, "and they make such a fuss about her, they will think nothing of their ball, if she is not at it. It is most probable that they will not have her; for Mr. Townshend tells me that Lord Mordaunt is going down very fast, and Lady Ellen confines herself a great deal with him, and does not like to have much company at the castle."

"Poor thing!" said Eliza, "she must be very much moped there, all alone."

"It seems to me," said Maria, "that it is very strange the Howards and Miss Rivers should be invited there just now, of all people

in the world. Considering all that was said about Captain Glanville and that family, Lady Ellen ought to be a little careful about cultivating an intimacy with them. Why it is not a month ago since Miss Rivers was there before. I have no opinion of Miss Rivers. I did not feel the very least flattered at being invited to meet her."

"I do not like Miss Rivers either," said Eliza. "She has such a very forward manner. I am sure it was not poor Captain Glanville's fault if he was talked of about her; and you know I have often said that I never thought much of his talking to Mrs. Howard—that was only his way. I have no patience with Mrs. Howard and Miss Rivers, for getting him so talked about."

"Well, but I forgot to tell you," Mrs. Beaumont resumed. "To be sure there never was anything like the luck of some people. To think of that girl, without name, or money, or anything, coming up to London to make such a match as that!"

"What girl? Mamma, you have not told

us what girl now. Mamma's news is always so difficult to get at," Eliza whispered to Anne.

"Why Miss Rivers, my dear. You were talking about Miss Rivers, were not you? John Harrison writes word that Lord Raymond will to a certainty end by marrying her. Instead of having shooting-parties at his own place, as would be natural, he is almost always in London, and Mrs. Howard contrives every evening to get people to come to her nut-shell of a house. John Harrison has been there two or three times; for he is sure to push his way wherever other people go; and there he has found Lord Raymond talking to Miss Rivers. John was quite delighted at having got a footing in the house. Mr. Percival and three or four more official men very often go there. But John's letter was a riddle to us all; for he said, that for a little while they would all be puzzled where to pass their evenings, as Mrs. Howard was going immediately into Lancashire, to see Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. Mr. Howard was to keep his niece with him. Now if Mrs. Howard

is gone to Lancashire, she cannot be coming to Mordaunt Castle."

"No more she can—that is very true; and then," continued Eliza, "she for one will not go to the Harrisons' ball. But it seems very strange that Miss Rivers should be left in town, while Mrs. Howard goes to see *her* father and mother. There must be something more in all that than we know. It really quite looks as if she were running after Captain Glanville. His regiment, you know, is somewhere near there. It is too hard upon poor Captain Glanville that she should go after him; for he must be very attentive about going to see her, because Mr. Howard took so much trouble for him when he was ill."

"You may take my word for it," said Maria, "that Lady Ellen will not have Miss Rivers and Lord Raymond together again at Mordaunt Castle. I do not mean to say so to Julia Harrison, because she was always so provoking and positive about it; but I believe now that she was right, and that Lady Ellen and Mr. Percival do not think anything of one

another. All the time that Lord Raymond was talking to Miss Rivers that evening, Lady Ellen looked very unhappy; and twice Mr. Percival spoke to her, and she did not hear. He seemed quite surprised; for he evidently thinks himself so clever, that it is a great honour for anybody to be spoken to by him."

"He very often speaks to me," Eliza answered; "but I do not think him at all amusing—I like to talk to Robert Irby much better than to him. I dare say, that if we could make acquaintance with the Pringles, we should get much more amusement out of them.—I hear somebody riding up to the door. Oh, it is only papa and Richard. I declare it is quite refreshing to hear anybody's horses canter up to the door. Suppose, Maria, that we walk up to Mordaunt Castle, and pay Lady Ellen a visit, and see what we can make out of her concerning the Howards and the Harrisons' ball."

Though Maria would have liked the walk better if she had proposed it herself, she really did wish to hear what Lady Ellen had to say

about the Howards, and the Harrisons' ball, and she graciously assented. They met their father as they were leaving the house, and were detained by him for a few minutes.

"Is your mother upstairs, Maria? I have got something to say to her. Harrison has just been making a most extraordinary communication to me. Poor Harrison! his liberal principles are sinking him deep in the mire, and there they will leave him. My suspicions turn out to be well founded; he means to try and bring John into parliament. As soon as ever parliament is dissolved, he is to start for Dornton."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Anne, quite carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. "I heartily hope that he will succeed. He told me the other evening that he had an inward consciousness of being born for something better than to attend that dull house in Threadneedle Street every day. He felt that he only wanted opportunity to distinguish himself. I think, Eliza, that we could help him to two or three votes. There is the man who

makes our shoes—and there is Sam Turner, our butler's brother—and —”

“Anne,” said Maria sternly, “you had better consider what you are saying.”

“If Sam Turner votes for John Harrison, Sam Turner's brother shall not wait another day at my table—that is all I have to say on the subject. I wish to influence nobody,” Mr. Beaumont added in a tone of unnatural mildness—“they are all free to vote as they please—but I will have no radicals in my house. Upon that point I shall insist upon being distinctly understood. Radicalism will be the utter ruin of the Harrisons. John is going to give up business altogether, and devote himself, as his father told me just now, to a political life. Radicalism has turned Harrison's head. He used to have sense like his neighbours. It was melancholy to hear a man of his years, telling with such triumph that his son was going to make a fool of himself. I should like to hear Richard take upon himself to inform me, that he meant to give up the law, that he might go and curry favour and talk

trash to a set of ragamuffins who once thought it an honour to come out on Sundays and touch their hats to us ; and were content the rest of the week to follow their trades and be governed by their betters. I should really like to hear Richard express such an intention as that."

To judge from Richard's countenance, it did not seem probable that he would offend by expressing any intention whatever ; it was full of stolid placidity. "I am very much surprised about John"—was all he said.

"I am not the least," Maria answered. "I dare say now that he will live upon the turf from morning to night."

"Tom Brown is at the bottom of all this—that is clear"—Mr. Beaumont resumed. "That fellow has a hand in every thing. He has talked up Harrison into believing that he is all-powerful at Dornton, and that if John will trust to him, he will be brought in upon his interest. We shall have Tom Brown next giving up his shop, and setting up for a gentleman at large himself. Dornton is utterly ruined as a residence. From the moment that infernal

bill passed, I always prophesied how it would be."

"As yet," Richard remarked, after a few moments' reflection, "it does not strike me that we have suffered much personal inconvenience."

"Papa seems to be in a terrible fuss," said Eliza, as he proceeded to the drawing-room, to seek for such sympathy as Mrs. Beaumont could give; "and I do not quite see what great harm all this business of John Harrison's will do us. I think that a contested election would be great fun. Perhaps somebody pleasant might come down to oppose John Harrison, and papa would be sure to bring him home to dinner. It is most probable that we should find a contested election a very delightful thing."

"Do you think, Richard," Anne ventured to ask, as soon as her sisters were out of hearing, "that Mr. John Harrison will succeed? He told me himself that he was very anxious to be in parliament. I am afraid that he will be very much disappointed if he should fail."

Richard did not know—he might succeed or he might not—he really could not say. Anne was rather puzzled what to make of this opinion.

Maria and Eliza were fortunate enough to find Lady Ellen at home; but Julia Harrison and Mrs. Francis Butler came in to pay their visit almost at the same moment as they did; so they could not get at Lady Ellen's real sentiments about the ball. Of course when Julia said that she hoped they would have the pleasure of seeing her there, she could only say she hoped so too; but Maria felt sure, from something in her voice, that she did not mean to go. They could not get her to say positively whether she expected the Howards or not. It was quite ridiculous to make such a mystery about nothing. In fact the visit would have been fruitless, if a sheet of paper upon which Lady Ellen was writing when they entered, had not been lying on the table opposite to Eliza. As she said, flesh and blood could not resist reading a few words backwards; and they repaid her well for the trouble.

“ My dearest Frederick,

“ In any perplexity it seems so natural to me, to turn to you for advice. I ——”

That was all Eliza could see. Lady Ellen seemed suddenly to recollect that it would be more prudent to turn the paper with the blank side upwards; but Eliza had found sufficient food for speculation. It was not her fault that the paper was lying where it was; so she felt quite at liberty to tell Julia Harrison what she had seen; which she owned she thought quite conclusive. She only wished she knew what perplexity Lady Ellen was in. Perhaps Lord Mordaunt had refused his consent altogether to their marriage, and then how unhappy poor Mr. Percival would be. She would give any thing to see his answer.

Lady Ellen did not go to the ball at the Harrisons; but it was a good ball nevertheless. Mr. Butler and Mrs. Harrison went down a country dance together. Eliza was introduced to the three Mr. Pringles, and did not doubt that they would have asked her to dance, if they had not fancied she was engaged. They all

seemed to be very pleasant, but she liked the eldest best. Maria thought Kate very much over-dressed, and was convinced that she and Francis Butler did not really care for each other: it was extraordinary why they married. Mrs. Beaumont agreed with her, though it was late to say so now; for after all, Kate did not dance a single step. It was to be hoped that Mrs. Harrison would soon make up her mind to find herself a grandmother.

Mr. Beaumont passed a tranquil evening at whist. He did not find out, till it was too late to resent it, that he had for his partner one of the most violent radicals in the county; but Mrs. Beaumont said she felt upon tenter-hooks all the time he was playing.

Anne had a great deal of quiet enjoyment. "Still waters run deepest." John Harrison danced with her twice; took her in to supper; and talked to her confidentially about Tom Brown, and his Dornton expectations. She quite agreed with him and Tom Brown, in thinking that Dornton could nowhere find a better representative, and he secretly wondered how a

Beaumont came by such excellent judgment. It was really a pity when the ball ended, all the company were so well employed.

Three or four months glided away unmarked by any decided event, either at Dornton or at Mordaunt Castle. Mr. Howard and Miss Rivers did pay a visit there of some days, and John's intelligence turned out to be perfectly correct. Mrs. Howard was gone into Lancashire alone. It was an odd measure; but if Mr. Howard was satisfied, it was not for anybody else to say anything. Mr. Percival too came down for a few days, to talk over Lady Ellen's perplexity, Eliza supposed; and it was a grievous thing to think it still continued. Lady Ellen must be very unhappy, or she never could make up her mind to pass so dull a winter. She seemed to see hardly any body but Mr. Townshend, and to like visiting nobody but the poor people.

The Francis Butlers went away to establish themselves in their new house, and the accounts Kate wrote of its merits were ridiculously exaggerated; for one small London house is

exactly like another, and so Mrs. Beaumont told Mrs. Harrison.

The Pringles turned out utter failures. The eldest grew bored with the country, and his own family, so he and Robert Irby set off together to make a tour up the Rhine. The youngest had not yet left college. They thought of nothing but shooting, while they were at home, and went out with Tom Brown as if he were an equal.

The Beaumonts looked forward to March, when they should settle in town, and March was now come.

After March would come April. Did Ellen Glanville look forward to that ?

CHAPTER VII.

Lord William was born in gilded bower,
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gauds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dew-drops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

WALTER SCOTT.

“EDWARD's regiment is removed to London. It will be a pleasure to find him there when we go to meet Lindsay. In three weeks, papa, you will have us all together again. You will see how wrong you were when you said that time would never come.”

Lord Mordaunt shook his head, but his smile re-assured Ellen, and when he himself proposed driving in the phaeton, she felt hap-

pier than she had been for a long time; for lately he had seldom felt inclined to leave the house, and from week to week she fancied she could trace fresh signs of declining strength.

Many, besides Lord Mordaunt and Ellen, were preparing to remove to London—many, after a few months' respite, had already resumed their burthens of business or of pleasure; for in London pleasure is heaped on pleasure, till the wearied spirit does indeed feel as if it had a burthen to support.

In a small room, over an obscure shop, which, though situated in a dark and narrow street, was but a few paces removed from the busy thoroughfare of Regent Street,—now more brilliantly lighted up by the gas which flared in the shop windows, than it had been for many months by a London winter's sun,—a young fair girl was brooding over her work, while the rays of a solitary candle fell upon her glossy ringlets and gracefully rounded throat. A fire was burning brightly, and the few articles of furniture the apartment could hold were so arranged as to give it an air of comfort and refinement. She was alone; but soon the work was dropped, and the glossy ringlets were flung

back, and her eager gaze was bent upon the door, and there was a bright and glowing smile; a moment more, and she sprang forward, and was pressed to the heart of Edward Glanville.

“ Clara—my own—my best beloved ! ”

“ Edward ! ”

By the simple utterance of that name, it seemed to her that she could alone express her tenderness and joy ; for she never heard it—she never pronounced it—without a thrill of happiness.

“ My poor Clara, this is no fit home for you—but I can provide no better.”

“ A better ! Edward, you cannot wish for a better. Give me your hat and that great heavy cloak, and sit down in this arm-chair—here—and put your feet on the fender—so—oh, take care, love ! you must not stretch out your legs and push it back, or you will knock over our table, and all the rest of our furniture ! Come—look round, and say if you ever saw a prettier room. I thought it very pretty in the morning ; but now, with you sitting there, it is a perfect picture. I felt quite like a stranger, as I sat working all alone this evening, and could not see your books, or your writings, tossed about,

or the chair where you had been sitting. It feels like a home now, and will even when you are absent from me; for I can still fancy you sitting there. I never will move before you again. I will march with the regiment next time."

"You shall, dear, and you shall have a baggage-waggon all to yourself, and perhaps after twenty years' strict economy, we shall have baggage enough of our own to fill one. Look, Clara, I have been drawing out a statement of our necessary daily expenses;" and Edward pulled a large sheet of foolscap out of his pocket.

"And look, Edward, I have been drawing out a statement of our *unnecessary* daily expenses:" and Clara snatched a sheet of paper from the table, and held it opposite to Edward's.

"Why, you unmerciful little woman! do you call a cook an unnecessary expense? Are we to have no dinners?"

"Our soldier servant is to cook for us."

"And is our soldier servant to dress you and make the beds? for you have put a black scratch through your own maid. Clara, that will never do."

“ Yes, but it will. You have no business to interfere with my department. However, I will just condescend to tell you that the woman of the house has a very tidy little daughter, who is to come every morning to do what I want. If I were to have a maid, you could not have a horse; and you know it is quite impossible you could do without that. You forget, Edward, that I have been poor ever since I can remember. What you think privations are no privations to me.”

“ My beautiful Clara,” said Edward, fondly drawing her towards him, “ I will submit to any privation you please, so long as you do not class yourself among my unnecessary expenses. And yet there are some unreasonable people who will indulge themselves in wondering how I, who never could succeed in supporting myself, should consider myself competent to support a wife—to say nothing of a small family”—he added, taking up Clara’s work—a most suspicious looking little cap.

Poor Eliza Beaumont! what a blow was preparing for her! Captain Glanville with a beautiful wife and the prospect of a small family! Spry was an angel of sincerity com-

pared to him! Little did she think, when at the exhibition she directed Ellen's attention to the portrait which the two principal conspirators in forwarding this nefarious transaction were standing to contemplate, that she was introducing her to her future sister-in-law, and her own successful rival. At this very moment, in a low earnest tone of suppressed emotion, she was reading aloud from an evening paper, the announcement of the removal of the —— regiment from Liverpool to London. Robert Irby and Joseph Pringle might now have proceeded upon an expedition to discover the source of the Nile, and she would not have been the woman to stop them, even by a sigh or a wish.

And, after all, how was it possible that any one should guess that Edward was married, or shortly to be married, going on in the way he did with Mrs. Howard? Nobody could who only judged from what was to be seen and heard. But in this world nobody should judge their fellow-creatures from what they see and hear. The real springs which move them are probably concealed. If Edward had never tried to leap a wider ditch than his horse could clear, this imprudent marriage would never have

taken place. That unfortunate leap was the cause of all the mischief that followed. Mr. Howard was an excellent uncle ;—he could not bear to be without a niece in the house ; so when Harriet Rivers was wanted at home, her youngest sister, Clara, took her place at Howard Lodge, and there she was, when Edward was detained there for some weeks. And there was the old inevitable story :—she and Edward, of course, fell in love with each other. She, poor thing ! had no chance at all of escaping such a catastrophe—she, who during the chief part of her short life, had been shut up in a little cottage where nothing a fiftieth part as pleasant as Edward Glanville had ever found its way. And he had not much chance either ; for, as he himself said, when telling the story to Ellen,—it was a singular fatality, but his affections at that time were completely disengaged ; he happened to be entirely *desœuvré* ; and there was Clara Rivers, so artless and beautiful, and unlike all the other people he had ever been in love with before.

It was a much more serious kind of love that he soon felt for her. And he loved Mr. Howard :—for instead of acting like a prudent

uncle, and telling him to go about his business, he pressed him to remain, because it made his little Clara look so happy. And he loved Mrs. Howard; for she was kind to him, and kind to Clara, and never in the way when he did not want her. And he loved Howard Lodge, where all these loveable people dwelt. And of all this love, there came a great deal of sorrow.

Mr. Howard never could understand why a moment arrived when every body blamed him, for having suffered things to go so far. He had taken all the precautions that a man who lived in the country and knew nothing of the world could take. He had looked in the Peerage, and made out to his satisfaction that Edward was the only younger son. He hunted out the late Lady Mordaunt, and saw no reason to doubt that she had brought Lord Mordaunt a very pretty fortune to settle upon the younger children. He actually rubbed his hands over the name of Bolland, when he found the possessor of it had but an only daughter. He looked in the "Court Guide;" Grosvenor Square and Mordaunt Castle carried riches in their very sound. He could just fancy that Lord Mordaunt might wish that his son had

not chosen a wife who was quite pennyless; but the two or three thousand a-year that he would settle upon him would make every thing easy; and Clara, with her beauty and her artlessness, would soon win her way into the hearts of her new family. Yet an artless beauty without a fortune would find Lord Lindsay's a tough heart to work upon. But his was a character which it would have been utterly impossible to make Mr. Howard understand.

At length the day arrived when Edward, to the utter disgust of Mrs. Howard, and the ill-concealed wretchedness of Clara, departed without coming to any explanation. Even Mr. Howard wondered; but he was not suffered to wonder long. The instant Edward found himself quietly settled in his own room, he sate down and wrote one of his touching letters. Poor Mr. Howard actually blew his nose two or three times before he got through it. Edward said a great deal about loving Clara better than life—and life being nothing without her;—and so having proved that it was utterly impossible that they could carry on life apart, he proceeded to make it clear, even to Mr. Howard's sanguine mind, that they had

not a prospect of being able to carry it on together. Ten thousand pounds was all that was settled upon him ; and that would not be his till after Lord Mordaunt's death. He could expect no addition to be made to his allowance of four hundred pounds a-year. He confessed he had not courage to appeal to Lord Mordaunt on the subject : his father would do nothing without consulting Lindsay, and Lindsay would conjure up the ghosts of his former debts, as a sufficient reply to any application with regard to money. He deprecated his early extravagance—was lavish in abuse of his own follies—and was, in short, a perfect model of remorse and repentance. But remorse and repentance would not serve to make settlements, or to pay the weekly bills. Mr. Howard was at his wit's end ; for he could do little or nothing to help them. He was the sort of man who spent every farthing of his income ; and it seemed more than probable that he would have an ample provision of Edwards and Claras of his own to settle in life.

Notwithstanding this account of the desperate state of his affairs, Edward was much too seriously in love to think any difficulties in-

superable. He was certain that he and Clara could contrive to live very well upon four hundred pounds a year and his pay. He even went so far as to throw out a hint as to the possibility of insuring his life, so as to secure a provision for her. Still, as he feared it might be possible that Mr. Rivers would object to their marriage on the score of poverty, he had, though he almost sunk under the effort, torn himself away, without endeavouring to ascertain Clara's sentiments towards him. His sole chance of happiness now depended upon Mr. Rivers's consent.

Mr. Howard blew his nose again. He had never known more beautiful conduct. Mr. Rivers was not quite so much struck. He thought it would have been better if Edward, under the circumstances, had made this explanation before having engaged Clara's affections, instead of waiting till the mischief was done; and he demolished Mr. Howard's last hope by informing him of Mr. Bolland's inveterate enmity to himself. All that now remained to be done was to make the best of a bad business. He could not feel justified in giving his consent to a marriage from which he foresaw

nothing but future misery. He was grieved to hurt Mr. Glanville's feelings; but it was a duty he owed to his child to beg that he would not attempt to see her again. He trusted that time, and her own good sense, &c. &c. All that followed was very sensible and right.

Unfortunately this happened to be a case in which good sense did nothing. Clara grew thin and pale, and did not eat, and the family apothecary, with his tonics and his little strengthening messes, did more harm than good. Harriet, who loved her sister beyond every thing in the world, was ready to break her heart about her. She could not be angry with Edward, for Mr. Howard plied her with constant accounts of his unhappiness; but her knowledge of the world was about upon a par with his. She could not understand why Mr. Glanville's relations were to live in the enjoyment of every luxury, and not afford him enough to settle comfortably. She took it for granted that they were all hard-hearted and unfeeling, and disliked them accordingly.

Affairs were in this state when she joined her uncle and aunt in London, and was introduced by them to Ellen, as described in an

early part of this history. She determined to shew that she could be as proud and disdainful as herself, and set about being as disagreeable as possible. Then came Edward Glanville, so anxious to make acquaintance with her—so humble and tender in his enquiries about her sister. She was quite grieved, that, led away by the natural wish to make him perfectly miserable, she had told him that she was very ill indeed—growing more ill every day; and it was impossible but that she must think very ill of him, for her father had judged it best not to shew her his letter; he thought she would sooner forget him, if she were persuaded that he had never thought seriously of her.

Edward was in a sad way when he heard this. He could not bear the idea of Clara thinking him a heartless monster. He had no doubt that Mr. Rivers acted according to what he judged the best;—but having been for six weeks under the same roof as Clara, it was certain that he understood her disposition much better than her father could do! It was right that she should know how fervently he loved her—he never should love another—never—never! The result of all which was that Har-

riet Rivers undertook to forward a letter of his to Clara, and to induce Mr. Rivers to forgive him for having sent it. This was the letter that had given Ellen so much uneasiness, the morning of her first visit to Mrs. Howard.

The accounts of Clara's health and spirits did not improve; and Edward could no longer refrain from making an effort to see her. He had no particular vocation for being present at Lord Lindsay's marriage; so he had no scruple about finding it necessary to leave London a week before it took place;—and then he began a daily persecution of Mr. Rivers, which ended in victory: for, fairly worried out of his consent, he again allowed Edward to see his daughter. But he secretly took his own counter measures; and before Edward had been three weeks in the north, her father discovered that change of air and scene were alone wanted to complete Clara's convalescence; and he despatched her on a visit to an old friend in the south.

Edward bore the parting with becoming resignation; put himself on the top of the mail; and arrived before she did at Mrs. Howard's, where he expected her to land after her jour-

ney. Ellen was unfortunately passing when he left the house. Clara's arrival had been delayed for a day, from want of strength to bear a rapid journey, and her uncle had himself gone to join her at the inn where she had slept the preceding night.

Both Mr. Howard and Harriet Rivers were careful never to mention Clara's name before Ellen. Harriet, blessed with a nobly ignorant contempt for money, saw no reason against the marriage taking place immediately. She was sure that her father only opposed it from conscientious motives, because Edward had let out that his family would not approve of it; and she could not see why two people's happiness was to be sacrificed to their absurd prejudices. Ellen might be right in supposing that there was some feeling of rivalry mixed up in Harriet's evident dislike of herself; but Harriet looked upon her as one of Clara's enemies, and that would have been quite sufficient to account for it. Though the styles of the two sisters' beauty were quite unlike, their heights were the same, and there was that general indescribable resemblance between them, which almost always subsists among members of the

same family, in the eyes of every body but themselves. It reflected no disgrace, therefore, on the keenness of Eliza Beaumont's and John Harrison's observation, that at a distance they should have mistaken one sister for the other.

Then came Edward's illness, and Clara's agony, when she heard he was dying, and could not be with him. And Mr. Howard never could bear to hear of any body in an agony—so he, too, set to work at Mr. Rivers; and the end of all this was, that as soon as Edward returned to Lancashire from Mordaunt Castle, his marriage with Clara took place privately at her father's house, and she and Edward were now settled in the little room, over the little shop, with the prospect of a little family, and with a little income of six hundred pounds a year to live upon, and no particular expectations.

Until the time when Ellen nursed him through his illness, Edward had carefully concealed his intentions even from her; for he felt, that with her knowledge of his expensive habits, she would consider such a step as little less than madness. And still from day to day

he had deferred the evil hour when he must announce what he knew would prove a deep vexation to his father, and cause an irremediable breach between his uncle and himself. But now that he must necessarily remain in London, concealment would not be much longer possible, and he only waited for Lord Lindsay's return, to introduce Clara to his family as his wife. The Dalrymples too were again settling in town, and as he said to Ellen on the first day of their meeting in Grosvenor Square, it was as well that they should all start fair, when they should first begin to pour the torrent of their indignation upon his devoted head.

CHAPTER VIII.

What is the toil, or care, or pain,
The human heart cannot sustain ?
Enough if struggling can create
A change of colour in our fate ;
But where's the spirit that can cope
With listless suffering, when Hope,
The last of Misery's allies,
Sickens of its sweet self, and dies."

L. E. L.

It must be a pleasant thing to be of great importance to a great many people,—at least if one knows it. And such pleasure was Lord Lindsay's at the moment to which our history has reached. Upon his return depended the settlement of various affairs, which deeply affected the interior government of the house of Glanville and Ellen. Edward and Frederick Per-

cival looked forward to his arrival with anything but indifference ; and Raymond, to judge from his proceeding, was too impatient for the meeting, not to take extraordinary measures to hasten it. He left England for Paris, a week before Ellen arrived in London ; and at Paris Lord and Lady Lindsay were now quartered for a fortnight upon Lady Raymond. She had a house large enough to hold them, and Lord Lindsay found that, after all, her habits of life were very well suited to theirs.

“ So in a few days the Lindsays will be here. Ellen, how do you feel ? ” Edward asked, with an expression of countenance which shewed his own feelings on the subject were not those of unmixed joyfulness. “ Frederick, how do *you* feel ? You are both of you under great obligations to me. Lindsay pronounced that *your* marriage would be a very silly business ; but when I spring mine upon him, yours will rise very much in the market. Now I wonder why I should dread Lindsay so much. I ought to dread much more making my father unhappy. But there is something very uncomfortable to me about Lindsay. In three words he contrives

to say the very thing which has most power to cut me up."

"I have long anxiously looked forward to Lindsay's return," Frederick Percival answered, with a glance at Ellen;—"but I have as much reason to dread his displeasure as you have. My fortunes have not improved since he left England, and he will still consider me a very unworthy brother-in-law. There is the awful prospect too before us of a general election; and our enemies say that our days of popularity are over, and that we shall find ourselves in a minority the very first week of the session. I suspect that they are right. In these days, when each separate class expects to be instantly relieved from its own separate grievance, three years' tenure of office must suffice to render any government unpopular; for they will suffice to shew that it cannot do what is impossible. The worst Lindsay can have foreseen will come to pass, and we shall enjoy, not the luxury but the penury of private life. Ellen, I too ask you, how do you feel?"

"Glad, very glad, that for once necessity and inclination will agree. I wish for nothing but quiet; and that at least we shall have, if you

retire to what you call the penury of private life."

"Considering how very little likely it is that the world should have given you cause to feel disgusted with it, yours is a very remarkable love of quiet," said Frederick gravely. "I cannot promise you that we shall always remain in so blissful a state of retirement."

"I know you cannot. I ought to have thought of that before I professed such a love for it"—Ellen answered, with a smile; but she felt distressed; for again the thought crossed her mind that already he was dissatisfied with her.

"There are some superior apartments to be let at the silversmith's, two doors from our furrier's," said Edward. "They are furnished with a degree of luxury that Clara and I must not even dream of. We shall be happy to make ourselves useful in the way of driving a bargain for you. Ellen, I long to shew you Clara; but I shall not ask you to go to her, till my father has seen and owned her for a daughter. She has her sister with her this morning; but she has a terrible number of lonely hours, poor little woman!"

Ellen could truly say how anxious she was for the meeting ; but she agreed with him in thinking that it had better be deferred till she had her father's sanction to welcome her to his house. "Tell me about Miss Rivers," she added. "What a comfort it must be to Clara to have her and Mrs. Howard in London."

"I hoped that I should have a great deal to tell you about her by this time ; but I do not know how it is—just as I was expecting Raymond to come and tell me, that, finding he had no other means to become my brother-in-law, he had persuaded Harriet Rivers to marry him, he has packed up his goods and gone off to Paris. Harriet takes his absence so little to heart, I suppose she is sure of him when he comes back. But Clara and I are very much puzzled by this journey of his. He was always at the Howards', and every thing seemed to be going on quite smoothly. Clara is to try this morning what she can make out from Harriet about it all ; and then she is to tell me. Frederick, you do not know yet how pleasant it is to have a wife who will tell you every thing."

If Lady Elizabeth had been there she would

certainly have said that Frederick was in one of his worst wet-blanket moods; for he still looked impenetrably grave; and though his answer was addressed to Edward, his eyes were fixed on Ellen.

“This time last year I should have been surprised if I had been told that *you* could have said that to *me*. Ellen,” he said, suddenly turning towards her, “promise that after Lindsay’s return, our marriage shall not upon any pretence be again deferred. You cannot tell what it is to return day after day to a home where there is no voice to welcome you. I may be considered devoted to ambition and politics; but the dream of a happy home is the dream of all my lonely hours. Yet month follows month, and it is not realised. Already Edward, I envy you, and soon it seems may envy Raymond. You hear me, Ellen—let me hear you promise that there shall be no more delays.”

“I will be yours when you choose to claim me,” Ellen answered, in a low steady voice. “There shall be no more delay, if it depends on me.”

“And on whom else can it or ought it to depend?” Frederick answered quickly; and

then, as if ashamed of his own irritation he added, "Forgive me Ellen,—it is not thus that I should shew my gratitude for the disinterested affection which has led you to reject one who has so much more to offer than I have."

He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and left the room.

"Gratitude! what a word for him to use to me, Edward! what can he mean? it is plain that he distrusts me. Yes, he distrusts me. Oh my God, how deeply then ought I to distrust myself!"

"My dear Ellen, you are taking his little fit of fractiousness much too seriously. Now he hears how happy Clara and I are together, he is impatient to be as happy himself—that is all. Distrust you! what should he distrust you for? Have not you been constant to him for the last three years? And three years, let me tell you, is a long time to be constant, when you lose sight of each other for months. And you had Raymond too, with his insinuating ways, taking every opportunity to glide upon the stage. Ellen I look upon you as a model of constancy."

"Do you?"

"Yes I do indeed—and what is more, I am

very much afraid that Raymond is a model of constancy too. I suspect that he has been trying to fall in love with Harriet Rivers, and has failed ; and has left England that he may be out of the way when your marriage takes place. I am sorry for it. I had set my heart upon having Raymond and Harriet settle down together among us. I sometimes think that you undervalue Raymond. You do not know what an excellent fellow, what an excellent friend he is."

"You forget Edward. I am the last person to whom you should speak of Lord Raymond's merits—the very, very last."

"There—you are going on with your foolish idea about Frederick's jealousy. You may be certain he meant nothing. I used to say much worse things to Clara sometimes, just for the pleasure of hearing her contradict me. I must tell you about Raymond. He evidently suspects something of my history, though Harriet declares she has told him nothing ; but he wrote to me a few days ago, to press me to settle myself in his house, as he shall only return to England for a few weeks, to settle some matters of business, before he again goes abroad for a

year or two. He made me yet more generous offers; but I refused them all; for as it seems probable that Clara and I are to pass our lives in teaching the world that it is possible to live on nothing, we had better begin learning the lesson ourselves, while we can do it *con amore*. I am quite provoked at this fancy of Raymond's for going abroad. I wish, Ellen, you would use your influence to turn his thoughts seriously to Harriet Rivers."

"Miss Rivers would not thank you for fancying that my influence could be wanted for such a result. Dear Edward, do not talk any more of my influence over Lord Raymond."

"Well, I will not if it disturbs you. But you will spoil Frederick—that I foresee.—Now, I am going to make you furious—but if, without knowing how affairs stand, I had been asked which of the two you would have preferred to marry, I declare that I should have said Raymond—I should indeed. Raymond's pursuits are more in your way than Frederick's, and you look as if you ought to be Lady Raymond, and at the head of his great house. Frederick is not one of those clever men who marry a fool because they

wish to rest their minds by finding an automaton at home. He will require a wife who feels as he feels, and thinks as he thinks; and it seems to me you have not enough bitterness in your composition to make a very active partisan. However, you must know your own vocation better than I; and three years' constancy proves that you were right. You will be very happy with Frederick; but let me have the satisfaction of hearing you say that you are sorry for Raymond. Now Frederick is not in the way to hear, you may confess as much as that."

"I am sorry—heaven knows how deep is my sorrow that Lord Raymond should feel unhappiness through me: but there I am not to blame. I have not sinned against him. No—no not him—but Frederick ——" Ellen paused, and her whole frame seemed shaken with emotion. But in a moment she found voice to go on. "Edward, you will despise me when I have spoken—you despise me even now—for now you see the truth. I have never loved Frederick Percival—never as he did me. I was happy to be with him, but I was happy when he was away. I was happier still when first I knew

Lord Raymond. But that did not last. Soon his every word and look shewed his devotion to me. I did not encourage him—I trust—I am sure that I did not. I did my best to appear cold; but, Edward, I felt that he was dearer to me than he who should be dearer than aught else on earth; and I have never known a happy hour since.”

“My poor Ellen,” said Edward fondly drawing her towards him.

“No, no—you must not pity me. I deserve to be unhappy. I deserved it from the moment I consented to form a clandestine engagement. True, I was too young to think of its awful seriousness, and that in after life I might repent it; but I was old enough to know I was promising what was wrong, when I promised to conceal it from papa. And I am punished;—for he would have warned me, and I should not have felt—all I am feeling now—now that the time draws near when those fearful binding vows are to be spoken.”

Overcome by emotion she again paused, and concealed her face on his shoulder.

All this was excessively perplexing to Edward. He wondered how he could have been

so blind, and how he could have made so many foolish jokes; and he pitied Ellen; and then he pitied Frederick; and then he wondered how it would all end. In the meantime he was really distressed at the sight of Ellen's distress; for since he had married Clara, he had learned to have a great respect for women's feelings;—and he set about saying the thing which he hoped would comfort her, and totally failed. Men are always very stupid about finding the right thing to say in a case of sentimental distress.

“ You blame yourself too much, love. We were all young and foolish then—Frederick, for asking you to make, and you for making, and I for letting you to make, such an engagement. But come what may, your happiness must not be sacrificed. I will see Frederick and tell him.”

“ Nothing—nothing of all this—if you ever wish me to know happiness more. I have confessed to you what I will never again confess to any human being; and now you must encourage me to do what I feel to be right; and,” she added, attempting to smile, “ whatever you may think of him, you must leave off praising

Lord Raymond to me. Time has never been allowed me to forget him. Something has always happened to bring us again together; and too much time has been given me in which to forget Frederick. I am as anxious as he can be, that our marriage should be no longer delayed; for, Edward, weak as I now seem, though he may distrust me, I do not distrust myself. Once his, the mistress of his home, the sharer of his daily thoughts and occupations, no thought will ever wander to another. No—you must tell him nothing. I have no right to break an engagement which I have so long allowed him to think I have held sacred. Though he may doubt me now, I will show him such devotion, he will doubt me no longer.”

“Ellen,” said Edward gently, “have you enough considered what you are going to do? It is a fearful thing to marry one man if you love another.”

“It is a fearful thing—God knows I feel it to be so. But I have thought long and deeply, which way my duty leads me; and my resolution is taken. Lord Raymond can have no suspicion that his affection was returned, and in time he will forget me. Already,” she

added with sudden recollection of Harriet Rivers, "already I am perhaps forgotten. But I could wish, if it were possible, that we should not meet again before my fate is decided. Yet I fear that he will return with the Lindsays. Lindsay will do his utmost to persuade him to do so; for I am sure his anxiety to break off my engagement with Frederick is caused by his wish to secure what he considers a great marriage for me."

"We will keep Lindsay quiet, by persuading him that he is marring the fortunes of his unborn children, when he presses on Raymond's marriage to any body. I wonder that has never entered into his calculation. How blind I have been to be sure! I remember how agitated you were when I first spoke to you about Raymond, and how often since I have said things which must have wrung your heart. What a brute you must have thought me! But I took for granted that you did not care for my idle words. In this world it is always very foolish to take any thing for granted."

"There is one subject more," Ellen said after a moment's thought, "about which I wished to speak to you. My father—I shall

soon be separated from him, for Lindsay dislikes London, and he himself is anxious to return to Mordaunt Castle. London is too much for him now; and my uncle's parting words often come back to me. Strange though it is, that he who never speaks but with the intention of wounding, should still retain the power to wound: 'Good-bye, my fair niece,' he said. 'I presume that we must not expect to have Ellen Glanville among us again; and though my brother may live to return, Mordaunt Castle will have a new master. Lindsay will reign alone, for thy brother's mind fails faster than his body. He will miss your gentle sway when you have left him.'"

As Ellen repeated these words, the long repressed tears burst forth, and Edward's endeavours to soothe and re-assure her were vain.

"My uncle is right," she said, when at length she grew calm enough again to speak. "My dear, dear father,—he is failing fast; but I have never found strength to give utterance to the conviction. And now I must leave him, when I feel that the time he has yet to remain on earth is short indeed. Were my conscience clear towards him, I would entreat Frederick

to wait a little longer ; but I dare not. Mary is good and gentle, and I trust that, in his latter days, she will prove to him the comfort I can no longer be. And you, Edward, must promise me, that however Lindsay may shew his resentment when he hears of your marriage, you will bear with him. Do not let papa be grieved by finding there is coldness between you."

Edward promised, and secretly felt persuaded that even Lindsay's sternness would give way at the sight of Clara.

CHAPTER IX.

He spies me out ; I whisper, gracious God !
What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss, discharged on me !

POPE.

Full ill had Raymond's spirit borne,
The wayward mood, the careless scorn—
His very soul within him burned,
When as in chance her dark eye turned
On him.

L. E. L.

“ I PRESUME, Ellen,” said Mr. Dalrymple, entering the room before the sound of his ill-omened knock had died away—“ I presume you are not aware that your sister has been in town for the last twenty-four hours. I cannot, however, charge myself with having neglected to announce our plans. I had occasion to

write to your father a fortnight since, and mentioned that it was our intention to reach London on the evening of the 19th. My mother will make her move a week later. She has taken a house in Manchester Square—No. 14—and for the first day or two she will have no horses: there is a difficulty about finding jobs that will suit her; so you will be sure to find her at home.”

It was not till he was delivered of this speech that Mr. Dalrymple condescended to fix his eyes on Ellen, and then it was clear even to him that the pungent meaning with which his words were replete was utterly thrown away upon her.

“So Elizabeth is come, is she? I meant in the course of the morning to send and see”—was all her answer. In fact she was thinking about something else. Lady Raymond had written to beg her to choose and send over an assortment of coloured muslins to Paris, that she might make cheap and handsome presents to her French friends; and she did her best to repay Ellen for any trouble it might cost her by a postscript full of interest. “My son also is with me; but I do not expect to keep him

long; for, as you know, his heart is in England. I do not choose to believe his case quite so hopeless as he represents it, and venture to encourage him to return and try what perseverance will do."

Independent of all other feelings, Ellen was sadly shocked that an old lady like her should betray such an utter want of principle as to encourage Lord Raymond to persevere in his attentions to her, when she (Lady Raymond) must be aware, if he had spoken at all on the subject, that she was engaged to another. It was very wrong and every way perplexing. Lord Raymond *ought* to have made out his case to be utterly hopeless. He should listen to no encouragement about her. If he felt rightly after the confession she had made to him, he ought not even to wish that for his sake, she should lower her character by forsaking Frederick. He had no right to hope, when she had told him there was no hope. She was really angry, and for the moment, she almost wished he would return, that she might make herself pointedly disagreeable to him. Neither he nor Frederick should longer remain in doubt.

“I left Miss Rivers sitting with your sister,” Mr. Dalrymple continued. “We both agree in thinking her handsomer than ever. Lady Elizabeth was very much pleased at her coming so immediately to see her. Miss Rivers expressed herself surprised when she heard that you and your sister had not met. Judging from the constant recurrence of Lord Raymond’s name in Mrs. Howard’s and Miss Rivers’s letters, we see little reason to doubt, that our wishes respecting Miss Rivers will be fulfilled. He is probably gone to Paris, to inform his mother that he intends to propose to her. Lady Elizabeth, thinking that this surmise would certainly interest you, begged me to take an opportunity of mentioning it.”

Ellen was well aware, when Mr. Dalrymple walked in, that he would say something tiresome and disagreeable before he went away; and he had not disappointed her. Harriet Rivers! could it be her that Lady Raymond meant? and had she actually refused Lord Raymond? Refused him!—Harriet Rivers refused Lord Raymond! the words jarred on Ellen’s nerves, and by a sort of fascination she mentally repeated them again and again. She had

made up her mind that she would marry Frederick Percival, and find her happiness with him. She was anxious—yes, she was sure she was anxious—that Lord Raymond should marry and be happy with another. She was almost content to believe that other would be Harriet Rivers. Not that she was worthy of him—in fact nobody was worthy of him—and she never fairly and heartily liked Miss Rivers—and she would have thought her the very last person in the world likely to suit Lord Raymond. Still she was prepared even for that. As Lady Elizabeth had once told her, “Hearts have been caught at the rebound;” and Lord Raymond’s might, as well as any other heart. But that Harriet Rivers should refuse him—that he should be coming over to try what perseverance could do with her!—impossible!—she was proof against believing anything so absurd.

Ellen’s beautiful lip curled with scorn at the bare idea. The idea remained with her nevertheless; for we never begin to reason with ourselves, to prove our position impossible, till we have an inward conviction that it is extremely probable. And, after all, what would it signify

to Lady Ellen Percival, if Lord Raymond should persevere in trying to win the love of Harriet Rivers?

This appearance of Charles Dalrymple took place on the day before the Lindsays were expected. They were now to settle themselves in Grosvenor Square, as their future London home; for once more returned to Mordaunt Castle, Lord Mordaunt was resolved never again to quit it. Ellen had been busily engaged all the morning, in making preparations for them. Her own rooms she had arranged for Lady Lindsay, and she looked at her new apartment with a feeling of melancholy discouragement, which was now almost habitual to her. Already she felt as if she were a visitor and a stranger in her father's house. One link of the chain of early habits was broken. Charles Dalrymple's society, however unwished for, was wholesomer than such thoughts. But there exists a strong natural distaste for swallowing what is wholesome;—and he had no sooner taken up an uncomfortable position in an arm-chair, (for some people can do nothing comfortably,) than Ellen proposed walking back with him to see Lady Elizabeth.

They found Miss Rivers still there. She and Ellen had not met since Edward's marriage, and that sufficiently accounted for the embarrassment she betrayed. Her manner was quite affectionate—almost humble. Elizabeth was in high good humour; her rooms had been newly furnished, and her baby was grown. The first words each new visitor spoke were words of admiration. It was enough to make anybody feel complacent. Edward too had been there, and Frederick Percival now came in—the very day after her arrival. She could not have expected such an attention from him. He seemed to have much more general conversation than formerly. She thought him improved now he was no longer so new to office.

“Yes, my rooms are very pretty,” she said, when Ellen had sufficiently admired them. “It is quite pleasant to come back to something new. I pity you in Grosvenor Square, with that eternal blue damask. One knows so well the way the festoons of the curtains hang. Altogether you must be rather bored at having to begin another year of London. You must find one year so exactly like another—driving

in the park, and dining at Lady Hamilton's, and all the old story. I cannot say how it sickens me to find people all going on doing their lives as usual. When I came into town, I passed Lady Hamilton, driving your way, with her fine horses and her ostentatious-looking coachman. You must confess that she is a remarkably silly woman."

"Because she has fine horses?" said Ellen laughing. "No indeed—Lord Hamilton has probably that to answer for; and after all she is very happy and prosperous, and we ought rather to envy than pity her, because we find her prosperity still lasting from year to year."

"Well, I am proud to say that I particularly despise that kind of happy, overbearing woman; and I despise the world for being taken in by her. I never can get used to the folly of the world. People are all so foolish. We shall have the Beaumonts and Harrisons coming up next. I wonder they have not yet found out that their coming up is of no use to anybody."

"But themselves," said Frederick Percival. "Why should you wish to deny them the free enjoyment of smoke and noise and company?"

In their own estimation they are very important people."

"That is exactly what I complain of. They will live on till they die"

"So they will"—interrupted Mr. Dalrymple. His wife had at length said something he understood, and he hastened to agree with her.

"I had scarcely even begun what I was going to say"—said Lady Elizabeth haughtily. It was very evident that the few months passed with him in the country, had increased her contempt for her husband, or lessened her power of concealing it. "They will live on till they die, completely deceived as to their own value, and be satisfied to the end of time to remain their own foolish selves. It is that which provokes me. Then we shall have Lindsay and his little slave among us again to-morrow. If ever she had any opinions of her own, (which has never clearly appeared,) by this time they must all be crushed under the weight of his superciliousness. But we shall see them perfectly well satisfied with the parts they are playing.—Edward too had got on the most ridiculous coloured neck-cloth to day. Why cannot he dress a little less like himself, and more like other

people? I cannot say what a provocation they are all to me, when I first come among them again. One comfort is, I feel totally unlike any of them."

"Certainly my love, you are only like yourself"—said Mr. Dalrymple.—"I forgot, Ellen, whether I mentioned to you that, in a letter addressed to myself, Lindsay mentioned that Lord Raymond would return with him."

"Raymond!" Frederick repeated, in a tone which expressed anything but pleasure. "I thought he was going to remain for some time abroad. What brings him back already?"

"The Lindsays bring him back—I said so just now—" Mr. Dalrymple answered peevishly, for he had a faint suspicion that people were apt not to listen when he spoke.

"I was quite aware that Lord Raymond meant to return immediately," said Miss Rivers. "He only went to Paris because he was so much pressed by his mother to pay her a visit."

Edward is right — Ellen thought: Miss Rivers could have no reason to be disturbed by his departure: — and while she was still thinking, a knock was heard at the door, and Mr.

Dalrymple immediately went to the window to see who was coming;—upon the same principle that some people look at the seal of a letter before they open it. He then proceeded to enlighten them by the result of his observations.

“It is somebody walking—for there is no carriage—and a gentleman—I see his hat—it is not the least like Edward’s hat, or it might have been him. I wonder who it is!—I wish he would knock again. Our servants always are so long. I wish my love, you would speak to them about being quicker;”—and he moved towards the bell.

“There can be no use in ringing to bring the servant up here, if you wish him to open the door, down there, Mr. Dalrymple. The man, whoever he may be, will make his way in:”—and as Lady Elizabeth finished speaking the man did make his way in.

“Ah! Lord Raymond!”

Ellen had two or three times been beat out of her system that Miss Rivers had no feeling, because she was always too self-possessed to betray any sudden emotion; and now she shewed that she could have pleasurable feelings,

and strong ones too ; for her eyes sparkled, and her whole countenance lighted up, as Lord Raymond's name burst from her. Still, though his first words were for her, his first look was for Ellen ; and there are looks which say more than words. He had left the Lindsays in Grosvenor Square. He thought that Lindsay had written to say that they left Paris a day earlier than they had at first intended. He supposed the letter had been lost or delayed. And so he went on saying a great many self-evident things, in an eager hurried way, as people are apt to do when they first arrive off a long journey, and feel that a great deal of talking and a little agitation are due to the occasion.

When Lord Raymond paused, Miss Rivers asked questions as fast as he could answer them. There was certainly no want of encouragement on her side. Ellen wondered what had become of her dignified manner. Frederick Percival, after shaking hands and saying a few indispensable words, turned away from Lord Raymond and walked to the window. In general the bent of his mind did not lead him to find much amusement in looking out of a window ;—but

it was different on the present occasion; he seemed quite absorbed by the pleasure of it.

“I am excessively surprised to hear that Lindsay is returned to-day,” said Mr. Dalrymple; “for I have it in his own handwriting that he was not to be expected till to-morrow. When a man says a thing or writes a thing positively, one is apt to believe he means it; and I confess I did believe Lindsay. A serious inconvenience might have ensued. I might have fixed upon to-day for our first dinner party; and now it will of course be expected that Lady Elizabeth and myself should join the family circle in Grosvenor Square this evening. We should have been exceedingly puzzled.”

“As we have fortunately been spared such a distress, we may bear with calmness the fact that Lindsay has arrived in town twenty-four hours sooner than he said he would,” Lady Elizabeth answered. “We may even prevail upon ourselves to let the subject drop, and ask Lord Raymond something about himself—and what has brought him back among us again so soon; for though Miss Rivers says she was prepared to expect him, it seems to me that the same filial devotion which led him to go to

Paris, ought to have induced him to prolong his stay for rather more than a week."

"Yes, as you say, the same cause which first made me think of leaving England, ought to have prevented my quick return. But it was my mother herself who persuaded me to return. She knows that Paris has no interests for me. Miss Rivers, I will spare you the trouble of speaking: you are going to say that it must be my own fault, if I am not interested where there is so much to interest. I confess the fact; and now you are disarmed."

"No—I am not. If you were like some people, I would pity you, for hearing and seeing and speaking without pleasure, where there is so much to see and hear and speak of. But as Mr. Harrison, one day in my hearing, pronounced you to be superior to the narrow minded class to which you unfortunately belong, you should shew your superiority, by enjoying doubly what every body enjoys so much. I told you once before, that it is no proof of superiority to go about declaring that all things are weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Every body can say that; but the idle and the vicious only can think it."

“Or the unhappy and the disappointed,” said Ellen. It was not Lord Raymond she was thinking of when she spoke;—and it was not till she observed his heightened colour that she thought of the application he might make of her words.

“There are interests so absorbing, that all others under their influence seem as nothing. Perhaps, Raymond,” Mr. Percival added, “you are now labouring under the suffering or the enjoyment that such influence can give.”

“What a very difficult sentence to understand!” said Lady Elizabeth. “There must be some hidden meaning in it.”

Ellen felt that she was right.

“Not at all difficult, my love,” said Mr. Dalrymple—“I understand perfectly. I will give you an illustration immediately. Last year, if you remember, I thought of nothing but the rail-road and my Rankin farms. It was a very complicated and iniquitous business. I believe that Percival never rightly understood the details. But when our little boy was born, and we had to consider what name it would be expedient to give him, you may also remember that during the fortnight we remained in doubt,

I talked of nothing else from morning to night."

"I do remember perfectly," Lady Elizabeth answered; and she yawned.

"Where is Mrs. Howard?" said Lord Raymond, again addressing himself to Miss Rivers. "I felt sure that I should find you all at home, at this hour, and went to your house in my way here; but Charlie and Cecy both darted forward to tell me that papa and mamma and nobody was at home, and that cousin Harriet was gone they did not know where. You see my instinct has brought me to the right place."

"A very flattering explanation to me, of your presence here," Lady Elizabeth began in a tone of pique—but she remembered that Miss Rivers was *her* friend, and relented.

"My aunt is gone to see my sister. I have just told Lady Elizabeth that I have a younger sister in town," Miss Rivers said, looking at Ellen. It was clear that she had told her nothing more.

"Yes, and I was surprised to hear that you had a sister. Younger sisters always come upon the world as a surprise, and it is quite right that they should never be heard of till

it would be an infringement of established rights to keep them longer in the back ground. We prize the most of all what is unique. It would considerably deteriorate from the value of a reigning beauty, if we were told that there were seven or eight more like her at home."

"I am spared such a misfortune as that," said Miss Rivers, seemingly unconscious that she was assuming herself to be a reigning beauty—"I have but this one sister, and at home it was supposed that there was not the most distant resemblance between us. You have seen her, Mr. Percival. Nobody will believe what I say of the looks of my own sister. Will you tell Lady Elizabeth what you think of her?"

"She *is* beautiful, and yet not like you; which *all* here will find it difficult to believe—" was Frederick's answer, and Ellen fancied she could detect a slight sneer in his tone. There had been a time when Lord Raymond was more intolerant about vanity and conceit, than Frederick had ever taken the trouble to express. Lady Elizabeth was provoked that people were always the same—Lady Ellen was surprised that they could so quickly change.

She suddenly recollected that she ought to be at home, doing the honours to Lady Lindsay, and rang to ask if her servant was there. Frederick immediately offered to accompany her.

“You will tell Lindsay, that he will see us in the course of the evening,” said Mr. Dalrymple, following her to the door. “He will naturally expect either to see or hear from us in the course of the next few hours. I would go to him immediately; but I have a long walk to take after these job horses for my mother. Lady Elizabeth and myself will be with you about eight this evening.”

“I have not the slightest intention of stirring out of my own house this evening,” Lady Elizabeth carelessly answered. “Lindsay can come here for half an hour, I imagine, if he wants to see me; and Mary will of course go to bed early with a bad head-ache. Miss Rivers, suppose that you and your belongings transport yourselves here—and you, Lord Raymond, you can have nothing better to do at this time of year. Frederick, you will be at the old House of Commons work of course—so I shall not take the trouble to ask you.”

“ I shall soon have none of my old work to do. I will tell you now what you must all know in a few hours, Parliament will be dissolved to-morrow.”

“ I wonder,” said Mr. Dalrymple, “ why it should be dissolved to-morrow, more than any other day. Lord Raymond, do you hear that Parliament will be dissolved to-morrow ?”

Lord Raymond did hear, but he was too busy to speak. He was helping Miss Rivers to put on her shawl, and seemingly did not think it worth while to turn his head and bid Ellen and Mr. Percival good-bye.

CHAPTER X.

And you that love the Commons follow me—
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty,
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman.

SHAKSPEARE.

When the man you see,
You find him what you saw the boy would be.

CRABBE.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved ; and the dissolution, like every thing else that has been long expected, when it did take place, took all the world by surprise. Lord Lindsay set off at break of day to see after his own interests in Sussex. Frederick Percival too was threatened with a contested election, and found it necessary to hasten to the scene of action. Again the happy or the evil hour was deferred when Ellen's marriage was to be declared.

“ We must do nothing rashly—we must consult Lindsay first,” Lord Mordaunt said. Long years of life had done their last worst work, and crumbled into ruins one of the finest minds that ever yet informed a tenement of clay. The power of thinking or judging for itself was gone.

The little Beaumonts in a post-chaise, and their little cribs in a waggon, were actually on the road to London, when this event took place. The family coach was to have followed the next day, and Eliza was looking with some complacency at the operations of Dick the cowman, under the pleasing delusion that she should see no more of him for many months, when her father entered the room, resolution in his countenance, and the “ Morning Post ” in his hand.

“ You may unpack your things, girls—from here I do not stir for some weeks. There’s confusion worse confounded at Dornton. The sitting member has taken fright at Tom Brown’s vapping, and refuses to stand—and here is John Harrison’s address:—pledging himself to ballot, triennial parliaments, and Heaven knows what. And now he flatters himself he is to

walk over the field. I saw old Harrison just now, rubbing his hands in the market-place, and Tom Brown touched his hat with a swagger as I passed. They will find themselves tricked yet. The respectable inhabitants are bestirring themselves, looking for a Conservative to start against them; and if no others come forward, sooner than suffer John Harrison to ride in upon such pledges, I will start Richard."

"Start Richard!—merciful me, Mr. Beaumont—surely you cannot be serious. Think what a heap of money it would cost—and here we should be kept for days and days—and the children gone on before. I thought myself so clever, to send them and their cribs forward, that we might find them settled when we arrived; and see what is come of it! I cannot bear to be parted from the children. They will be sure to have the whooping-cough or something. And after all, why should you start Richard? You will only take him off his profession. It will be just John Harrison over again, and Mrs. Harrison is vexed enough about that, I can tell you."

"I am sure," said Anne, following up her

mother's lead, "that Mr. John Harrison will be very unhappy if Richard should start against him."

"And so Richard is a Conservative," said Eliza. "I had no idea that Richard was anything."

"I believe," rejoined Anne, "that at Dorn-ton they think Mr. John Harrison very clever. They consider him a very fit person to represent them in Parliament. He has several times told me so himself."

"I fancy," said Maria, "that he is the only person who would tell you so. I wonder he should wish to come into Parliament. When once a man gives himself up to gambling and the turf, he has little energy left for anything else. He will find his attendance in Parliament interfere very much with his horse-racing habits."

"He will never have to attend in Parliament if it is in my power to prevent it,"—Mr. Beaumont repeated with increased energy. "It is misfortune enough to have any election at Dornton. From a quiet, peaceable, well-behaved town, it is grown to be nothing better than a bear-garden. A heap of little boys ran

before my horse this morning, screaming out ‘Tom Brown and the Reform Bill for ever!’ I have a great dislike to entering the town. There was the ‘Dornton Gazette’ lying on the table in the reading-room, and the leading article was downright treason. There was some fulsome praise too of Harrison. They called him the principal gentleman of the neighbourhood. My family was settled here many a good year before his. There is nothing like sound judgment left—nothing but violence and party spirit. I hate violence”—and Mr. Beaumont wiped his forehead.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Beaumont, “I wish that you would not put yourself into such a fuss and heat; it must be very bad for you; and you worry me very much by what you say about making Richard stand. I do not think that Richard has any turn at all for the sort of thing, and it will make a great deal of discomfort between us and the Harrisons. They say that people’s faults always increase with age, and poor Mrs. Harrison is grown much more touchy than she used to be. She would certainly take it ill, if we were very active in opposing John.”

“Still,” Maria solemnly observed, “it would be a frightful thing to be represented by such a man as John Harrison.”

“Lord Lindsay too is arrived at the castle,” pursued her father. “He, and the Tory member, would have been returned for the eastern division without opposition; but a red-hot Radical has started there too upon Mr. Bolland’s interest. He says he will draw his nephew’s purse-strings for him. The Harrisons talk a great deal of Lord Lindsay’s personal friendship for John, and count upon his support; but my Lord Lindsay is too proud and too prudent a man to let his name be used in conjunction with such men as John Harrison, Tom Brown, and Co. I shall go up to the Castle this instant, and ask his support for Richard.”

“I do not think,” said Eliza, “that it will be very amusing if Richard stands. If Richard and John Harrison stand against each other, it will be just what we have always been used to. It would be much more amusing if a stranger would come.”

“I shall write to Richard by this day’s post. There is no time to be lost. If Tom Brown were left to himself he would talk a post out of

a vote. We will have Richard down by to-morrow's coach, and we must screw up his courage for a speech: a bad business, I fear, for Richard is shy—very shy. He does not want for ideas, but it is difficult to get at them—the words do not flow. During the whole course of his life I have never heard him say a clever thing; and that makes strangers consider him stupid. But they will find themselves mistaken. He thinks as all the Beaumonts have thought before him; and when men like Tom Brown are making a splash, men like Richard should rally round the throne. We must have him make a declaration of his principles.”

“I am sure,” said Mrs. Beaumont, “nobody who knows anything of the way in which he has been brought up can doubt that his principles are excellent. At four years old he said Watts's Catechism perfectly; and though he did not learn by heart so well as the others, I always made him sit for an hour over his Sunday's poem, and repeat what he could at the end of it. It is impossible, Mr. Beaumont, that any of the neighbours hereabouts can doubt that he is well principled.”

“My dear, I was talking of his political

principles, and they are hereditary. I never knew a Beaumont who was not a Tory. I will set off directly, and speak to Lord Lindsay; but he will have work enough of his own on his hands with that fellow Spry."

"Spry! Mr. Spry! Well to be sure, how very remarkable—Mr. Spry! to think that he of all people should have come down here to oppose Lord Lindsay! I am excessively astonished. It never entered my head to expect Mr. Spry. I wonder what Julia Harrison will say. However, she knows now that there is a young Mrs. Spry."

"It would have been better for her and you too if you had made that out a little sooner," said Maria. "I always thought the Sprys a very vulgar family. You only lowered yourselves by running after them."

That was a sore subject, and Eliza walked away. Anne too went off to her own room, to cry a little, because Richard opposed John Harrison. She was sure, after all that he had said to her, he would consider it so very unkind a thing.

On his road to the castle, Mr. Beaumont encountered Mr. Bolland. In general he made

it his boast that he was upon the move from morning to night, and was obliged to no other conveyance but his own good legs. This morning he was mounted on a stout rough pony—a heavy goer—as ungainly as its master,—who stopped it with a jerk at the approach of Mr. Beaumont.

“ So, Sir, you are on your way to the castle. You will find our high and mighty nephew in what is vulgarly called a stew. He meant to carry the east division at the expense of a little black beer—and he was to pledge himself to nothing and nobody—and cotton up his pride by calling himself an independent member—as if any member ever was or ever could be independent! They are all slaves of party, or slaves of ministers—or slaves of opinion—or pique—or their constituents. I dislike the word independence in a politician’s mouth. If he could be independent, he would be next to nothing—a unit among the many. And now Spry has started, the tory member is safe, and Spry or Lindsay will go to the right-about. As I hear the temper of his highness is a little on the fret, I shall support Spry. I hate the fellow’s principles—mischievous and violent—

but we will show our would-be independent representative that we will not leap in the dark, and vote for we do not know what. Here, you Sam Davridge there—stop your cart, and tell us how your thriving uncle means to vote?”

“ For the young Lord, be sure, Mr. Bolland. My uncle would never go for to vote against the family. My uncle would never go for to disoblige you.”

“ Disoblige me, man ! Your uncle will never disoblige me by voting according to his conscience. If he chooses to vote for Spry, the friend of the people—the opposer of all abuses—the enemy of taxation, and the protector of the agricultural interests—let him—I shall not be the man to say nay. Tell him so from me. There !” he added with a sneer as the cart rolled away—“ that fellow will believe Spry to be a patriot, and not a canting rascal—which I know him to be. However, such men have their use ; they serve to frighten others into keeping straight ; and I shall vote for him. It will serve to teach our nephew that we do not all bow before him. Ha ! my brother would open his eyes if he could see me riding over the country canvassing against his idol. Good

morning—I have no time to lose—mark my words—your son Richard will have no chance if Tom Brown’s influence goes against him—it would require a clever man to make head against Tom Brown.”

“Now I call that man an old brute,” was Mr. Beaumont’s soliloquy as he pursued his way to the castle. He might have said so to Mr. Bolland, and would not have hurt his feelings. He had a fancy for being an old brute. There is no accounting for fancies.

Mr. Beaumont did find Lord Lindsay in a state of considerable annoyance. He did not expect to be beat by Spry—that would have been too absurd—but he should have to spend a great deal of money, and take a great deal of trouble, when he had counted upon doing neither; and it was very disagreeable; and though he did not condescend to spend more than three words upon Mr. Bolland’s conduct,—it was a very bitter sentence, and proved that there was no love lost between them. He listened to all Mr. Beaumont had to say, without interrupting him; and then, in his grave gentlemanlike way, answered that he called himself an independent country gentleman—

tied to no party—and that he wished his name to appear as little as possible at the ensuing Dornton election. He should in no way attempt to influence the votes of his father's trades-people and tenants. Five minutes before he had said the same thing to Mr. Harrison.

To Mr. Harrison's, Mr. Beaumont determined to proceed. It was a bold measure under existing circumstances; but he satisfied himself that it would be fair and neighbourly to give a regular intimation of Richard's intention, or rather of his intention respecting Richard. Every thing should be above board. Mr. Harrison should first hear of it from himself.

Mr. Beaumont's plan might have been good; but he was foiled. When he entered the drawing-room, the first objects which met his sight were his wife and Mrs. Harrison, with their eyes very red, and their pocket-handkerchiefs in their hands. Mrs. Beaumont had not been able to resist walking over to see how Mrs. Harrison would bear the news. There had been great astonishment at first—and more than astonishment—long years of former friend-

ship were talked of, in a tone which promised long years of enmity, quite as sincere and probably more lasting. Richard's want of talent, and John's want of principle, were very palpably hinted at by each provoked mother. At all events, Mrs. Harrison said, if John were a little wild just now—not that any thing of that kind had ever reached her—she had all sorts of reasons for believing him to be the very best of sons and brothers—but supposing it were true—which she was perfectly certain it was not—for he had himself told her he was very steady—however, allowing there was the slightest foundation for what Mrs. Beaumont hinted, all young men were a little unsteady at the outset of life, and took up afterwards—and so would John, and his unsteadiness would not unfit him for Parliament, or prevent him from shining there—but natural slowness nothing could help, and a naturally slow person would never make a figure.

It is not in a mother's nature to believe her son unprincipled, without very strong proof indeed; so Mrs. Beaumont's words had inflicted no deep wound upon Mrs. Harrison; but many a mother has a consciousness that the son

whom, as an unteachable boy, she pronounced not very bright, as a man of the world is uncommonly heavy; and heaviness is a fault for which there is no redemption. So Mrs. Harrison's words hurt Mrs. Beaumont's feelings; and she pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, and said she could not have looked for such unkindness in an old friend—she would not for the world have said an unkind thing of one of Mrs. Harrison's children—she was sure she had rejoiced over Kate's marriage as if it had been the marriage of one of her own daughters—but it was all the fault of those dreadful politics—she had told Mr. Beaumont till she was tired, that there would be mischief with them before he had done—and now what she had said had come to pass—there was an end of their old friendship—she had always felt that politics would bring them to this—she was very unhappy and very much hurt.

Mrs. Harrison could not hear unmoved such words as those; so she too pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, and said that she was very much distressed to hear Mrs. Beaumont talk so—she had meant nothing particular when she said what she did—only some people were not so

quick as others, and Richard had a slow way of talking—she was sure she had heard Mrs. Beaumont say so herself, and she did not mean to say more than that—though perhaps she spoke a little sharply, for it vexed her to think that Richard, whom she had always loved for his parents' sake, should be opposed to John.

Mrs. Beaumont dropped another tear or two; for she was the sort of woman who, when she once began to cry, did not find it easy to stop; and then she said, that it was a vexatious thing altogether—she had no peace of her life for politics—and now Richard was to be dragged into them—but as it disturbed Mrs. Harrison, she did not see why he should stand for Dornton—she would speak again to Mr. Beaumont about it—there were plenty of other towns in England—she did not see why Richard should not just as well stand for some other place.

At this crisis Mr. Beaumont came in, and both ladies at once opened upon him. But his mind was made up—he would listen to nothing—not even reason, if they had been capable of trying it upon him. His principles were well known, and these were times when every man

should stand up for his principles. He would do his utmost to save Dornton from the disgrace of being represented by a nominee of Tom Brown's—he had come on purpose to say as much fairly to Mr. Harrison.

“Then I am sure,” Mrs. Beaumont began, “I am very glad that he is not here to listen to you;” and she probably added more; but her voice was drowned by the sound of shouting and cheering close to the house. John Harrison was returning from a successful morning’s canvass, with his committee at his heels, and his father and Tom Brown on either side; and blue ribbons were streaming and banners flying, and “Harrison the friend of the people!” was waving in the wind; and bands were playing “See the conquering hero comes,” and all the little Dornton patriotic boys screaming out “Harrison for ever!” and “Hurrah for Tom Brown!”

Mr. Beaumont’s face grew rigid at the sights and sounds; and up rushed the housekeeper, as if nobody could hear but herself, to beg that her mistress would go to the window and see Mr. John’s triumphant majority; and Julia ran in quite breathless, to say what a pretty sight it

was, and how happy it made her that she first thought of making John stand.

“How well John looks!” was the natural sentiment to which the proud mother gave utterance.

“I cannot say that I ever have any great fancy for blue,” said Mrs. Beaumont, judging from her husband’s countenance that it would be as well to say something disagreeable.

“I came to speak quietly to Harrison,” said Mr. Beaumont, growing very red; “I did not expect to find him with all the rag-tag and riff-raff of Dornton at his heels—and a parish pauper at his side. I will trouble you, Mrs. Harrison, to tell him, that I came to give him friendly notice of Richard’s intention to stand, upon constitutional and conservative principles. I will make my escape through the shrubbery.”

He was too late. Upon the stairs he encountered Tom Brown, who took off his new hat—(Tom Brown’s hat always looked particularly new)—and addressed him, with an air of patronising humility, that made his blood freeze.

“Glad to see you, sir—and glad to see you here. This looks as if we were not to have

you for our adversary. Folks were beginning to say that Mr. Richard was to be put up—but I was not one who believed it. A Tory, as you probably see, sir, would have no chance at Dornton. I was thinking of going to represent this to you in a friendly way. My interest, sir, is for the liberal candidate, and most of the warm men of the town will go along with me; it is but fair to tell you as much before you go a step farther. I believe there is a little dirty Tory requisition going about the town somewhere, for your son to stand; but you may take my word for it, it is no go. As I said in the Town-hall yesterday—‘ Old Beaumont may set up young Beaumont—but young Beaumont has no more chance of being returned to sit in Parliament, than had my grandmother’s hen to hatch her addled egg.’ You will excuse my freedom, sir—I only repeat my words.” And again Tom Brown obsequiously touched his new hat.

“ Your words, sir, are totally insignificant, as regards my son or myself,” Mr. Beaumont answered, as he brushed past him; and Tom Brown, who did not observe the expression of his countenance, thought old Beaumont a very placable sort of fellow.

Richard made his appearance on the day of nomination, and bore the pelting and hooting of the staunch patriots of Dornton with great equanimity. He had to thank Tom Brown for obtaining him a hearing, and then he said that his father's sentiments were his, and they all knew what his father's sentiments were; and by those sentiments he would stand or fall.

He was as good as his word; and he did fall; and for a month, peace and silence were not restored in the streets of Dornton; for all the butchers' and bakers' boys screamed out, to the tune of "Drops of brandy," the popular song of

"Down, down with the young Tory squire—
Down, down with the old Tory sire;
Tumble them over in Tory mire—
They won't set the Thames a-fire.

Up, up with liberal John—
Of patriot father, patriot son—
Dornton votes and hearts he has won—
He won't stand no Tory fun.

Hurrah, hurrah for good Tom Brown,
The friend and bulwark of our town;
The real supporter of the crown,
He won't mind a Tory's frown.

Up with the Harrisons ; they've won the day ;
Down with the Beaumonts—send them away.”

“ Shut down the window, Eliza,” said her father, as he sat in the drawing-room the day after the election, surrounded by his disconsolate family. “ Shut it down this minute. I cannot bear to hear the noise and riot that is going on in that unhappy town.”

“ Yes, papa, directly—I see a great many people about, with blue ribbons in their hats. There is one looks a little like Captain Glanville—only he is a great deal shorter, and has quite a different sort of face. I wonder who he is. Papa ! papa ! I do believe that Dick the cow-man is humming the tune of that horrid song.”

“ How can you be so foolish, Eliza ? Shut the window and come away directly,” said Maria sharply. “ Anne, I wonder you are not ashamed to appear in that blue sash. You might have more consideration for your brother.”

Anne had nothing better to say in her defence, than that it was an old blue sash ; and her voice was drowned by a shrill boyish one singing under the window—

“ Down, down with the young Tory squire.”

And that again was overborne by a loud gruff one, shouting out

“ Up, up with liberal John.”

“ Ah,” said Mrs. Beaumont, sighing deeply, “ poor Mrs. Harrison will suffer enough when she hears her son’s name hawked about in such a way.”

Richard laughed convulsively. Mr. Beaumont, for his part, was saved from utter despair by hearing that Spry did not get above fifty votes. Mr. Bolland, however, had the satisfaction of giving him a plumper, and condescended to visit Lord Lindsay, on purpose to tell him he had done so.

CHAPTER XI.

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

SHAKSPEARE.

It was the evening that Lord Lindsay was expected to return from Sussex. Frederick Percival was still absent, and Lord Raymond had proceeded to his northern estates. The Dalrymples and Lady Lindsay were dining in Grosvenor Square, and Lady Elizabeth was as usual enlarging upon the turpitude of Edward's conduct in keeping so aloof from his family,—when a servant entered, and whispered to Ellen that Mr. Glanville was down stairs, and wished to see her alone. The whisper was overheard.

“Very extraordinary,” Mr. Dalrymple said, as soon as Ellen left the room, “knowing as he must that he would find nobody but the members of his family assembled here. I wonder whether the servants mentioned to him of what individuals our party is composed. It is most probable that Ellen will find him in Lord Mordaunt’s room. What is your opinion, my love?”

“You must excuse me, Mr. Dalrymple, from trying to form any opinion about Edward’s movements. I have never pretended to understand him. Before I married, he went about the house like any body else, and never struck me as being any thing remarkable in any way. I cannot undertake to enter into all the fuss and mysteries which are constantly going on about him. Why cannot he knock at the door and walk up into the drawing-room like any body else?”

“I was in great hopes,” Lady Lindsay said with one of her sweet smiles, “that the servant was come to tell us that dear Lindsay was returned;” and again she placidly bent over her tent-stitch.

“Dear Lindsay!” repeated Lady Elizabeth.

“ You must excuse me, Mary, for laughing. I mean nothing the least disrespectful to you or him ; but it never struck me before that any body could set about calling him dear Lindsay, in that soft familiar way :” and she walked to the other end of the room, and took up a book.

Mr. Dalrymple’s frequent exclamations of “ I think I hear Ellen coming ”—“ Is not that Edward’s foot on the stairs ?”—received no answer from either of his companions. He not only fretted at the incivility which was shewn to him, but he really fretted at the thought of how Ellen must fret at appearing so uncivil. He might have saved himself the trouble. At that moment she had no thought to spare for him.

Ellen too had expected to find Edward with her father ; but the servant stopped her as she was preparing to enter the room. “ Not there, my lady—Mr. Glanville is in the library. He did not wish his lordship to be told that he was here.”

Ellen felt that something was wrong, and she was not re-assured when she opened the door, and found Edward pacing with rapid steps the dark and cheerless-looking room. It was not

usually inhabited of an evening, and the fire had been suffered to die away. She began by making some half laughing remark upon his taste for solitude and discomfort; as if by speaking lightly she could baffle any unhappiness which was preparing for her. But Edward caught at her words, and answered them in a spirit that made her quail.

“Solitude! True, I should like solitude. I! who shall soon be a solitary wanderer. Ellen, I am come to you the most miserable wretch that breathes upon the face of this earth.”

“Oh, do not say so, Edward. What has happened,—Clara?”

“Do not mention her—not now at least. Her parents will curse the day when at length they listened to my entreaties, and gave her to one so lost as I am. And she herself, the best, the dearest—the most devoted —”

He could not go on, but leaning his arm upon the mantel-piece, he concealed his face from Ellen’s view.

“My darling Edward, anything is better than this suspense. Tell me what has happened.”

“I am ruined—ruined past redemption—that is all,” he said, with a desperate effort to regain

his calmness. Eight-and-forty hours yet remain to me, and then I must fly from England, or I shall be arrested before the sale of my commission can be arranged."

"What has happened?" said Ellen, turning pale: "what *can* have happened to drive you to so desperate an expedient? Edward, you cannot well have considered all the consequences of such a step."

"You think I have not," Edward answered, with one of those bitter laughs which, however strange it may seem, are among the most natural expressions of impatient misery. "You think it likely that without consideration I should settle to do what must entail utter beggary upon myself—my wife—and the child which is yet unborn! Ellen, I have been walking about the street for hours while I tried to bring my mind to submit to this unhappy necessity. Clara thinks I am detained on duty. Poor Clara!—every way deceived."

"And loving Clara, as you do," Ellen said almost reproachfully, "what temptation could be strong enough to lead you into such a fearful strait?"

"None—none—oh, believe me, none. From

the moment I have known Clara, my very nature has changed, and I look back at the life I have led with loathing and disgust. But I have repented too late. The ruin I had prepared for myself will now burst upon her as well. Poor Clara!—she will have no thought for herself. Her worst pang will be parting from me. But she shall not go with me—there I will be firm. She is in no situation to rough it as I must do, and her uncle will not suffer her to want for any thing when I am gone. If I were still with her, he might be justified in refusing all assistance; for I have deceived him and those who would have saved her from joining her fate to mine. It is small excuse to say that I never dreamed of this catastrophe as a possibility. I was always in the habit of chasing from my mind all uneasy thoughts. They have their revenge now.”

It was long before Ellen could succeed in drawing from him a connected statement of what had happened. He broke off again and again, to speak of Clara. In the cheerless prospect before him, the parting with her seemed to be the severest ill he had to dread. Even when Ellen at last extracted the facts of the

case, she could hardly understand them. It appeared that at a time when he had been most pressed for money, he had been called upon by one of his dissipated acquaintances, in still greater difficulties than himself, to become security for the repayment on a certain day, of a sum which was borrowed to meet the present exigency. He was assured that long before it would be necessary to meet the demand, his friend would be in possession of double the amount required. He was but asked to write his name. At that time he lived only for the present—he saw no present trouble in doing what was proposed—he only wondered that his name should be considered of any value. He had to thank his friend for that.

Once done, the whole transaction nearly faded from his mind. When, at the time of his marriage, he assured Mr. Rivers that he was free from all embarrassment, a transient recollection of it did flash across him; but he saw his friend in the possession of every luxury that wealth can bestow, and felt secure that when the day of payment should arrive, the money would be in readiness. It could hardly

be called an embarrassment of his, and if he were to mention it at all it would only lead to a set of tiresome questions—it would entail a great deal of bother and trouble—and he hated trouble. He should never make Mr. Rivers understand how entirely without consequence the whole transaction was. For aught he knew the money might have been already repaid, and with his usual recklessness, he did not even exert himself to inquire.

He had thought no more on the subject till that very day, when it was recalled to him in a manner that made him strongly feel with what rashness he had acted. He received a letter from his false friend, who informed him that the day of payment was past—that he was without resources of any kind—that his creditor pressed him hard—and in eight-and-forty hours he had promised to meet him, when the truth must come out that he was penniless, and worse than penniless—that Edward must recollect he was liable for him—that he, therefore, gave him this timely notice, that he might take himself away out of danger of an arrest till matters could be arranged.

These were easy words to write, but Edward

saw no prospect of coming to any arrangement. The money had been borrowed at fair interest. It was evident that the demand for repayment was urgent. Edward could only be looked upon as a partner in the dishonourable conduct of his friend, and must take the consequences. The sale of his commission would produce more than half the sum required; but then he would have nothing positive to look to, but the ten thousand pounds which must be his at Lord Mordaunt's death. Lindsay had always given him to understand that, with his profession, such a provision was ample.

Ellen listened with dismay to this statement, but she would not hear of his prospects being so desperate as he made them. He must at once go to Lord Mordaunt and tell him the truth. This was different from his former troubles,—he had been rash—imprudent—nothing more—here at least he was more sinned against than sinning—Lord Mordaunt would make some arrangement that would prevent him from throwing himself out of his profession.

Edward shook his head.—“No, no—this is no time to deceive ourselves. We have both seen the truth, though we have not spoken of it.

—My father's energy of mind is gone—he has now no will but Lindsay's—and in Lindsay's eyes there is no crime so great as imprudence. I could not plead my marriage, with a hope that for poor Clara's sake some effort might be made to save me. With him it would but be an added reason to cast me off. I have considered every thing. Abroad we can contrive to exist upon the allowance I receive from my father—yes, from day to day we can carry on existence—there will be no future to look to—for we never shall be able to return to England. But Clara will not suffer under that. Once together we shall be able to bear every thing. It is the parting now!—It must be, and how will she submit to that? You will be kind to her, my own Ellen—and her family will not forsake her—they will take her home—for she has no home—I have literally at this moment only money enough to carry me away from her—from her! and at the very time when she will most want support!”

Edward's lip quivered, and again he turned away.

“No, you must not leave England!—you must not be parted from her”—Ellen answered firmly.—“Go to my father at once—tell him

every thing—he will not suffer you to leave us.—Dear Edward, go to him at once.”

“It would be useless”—Edward answered gloomily. “He would but refer me to Lindsay; and Lindsay would not listen to me. Better to spare my father the struggle between his kindness and what Lindsay will persuade him is his duty. If I can help it his last days shall not be made unhappy through me.”

“Then wait and see Lindsay.”

“No, no—not to-night—I must be in a calmer mood before I can meet him. With a thousand conflicting feelings jarring at my heart—his icy words would drive me mad. I have yet twenty-four hours before I need commence my flight—five minutes will suffice for the due expression of his contempt.”

Ellen felt that in Edward’s present state of excitation a meeting could do no good. She tried to soothe and give him hope; but she was hopeless herself if his fate were to depend on Lindsay. He would be justly incensed at the imprudence of the marriage, and intrenching himself in the fact that more had already been done for Edward than he had any right to claim, would listen to no extenuating circumstances in his present distress.—Her sole trust

was in her father ; but Edward had spoken the painful truth ; it was now difficult to rouse him to any keen sense of what was passing round him. She however spoke cheeringly, and persuaded Edward to leave his case in her hands. In the morning he should see her or hear from her.

Nothing more remained to be said, and he departed with a heavy heart, feeling that every step which brought him nearer Clara, was bringing to a close her short day of happiness.

Edward had scarcely left the house, before Ellen was with her father. She wished to plead his cause, without having Lindsay there. She was listened to in silence, and when she concluded Lord Mordaunt sighed deeply.

“Tell Edward,” he said, “that I forgive him the concealment and the imprudence, and that I will receive his wife as my daughter. God knows I have need to forgive, when I shall soon be summoned to that world where all have need to be forgiven. For the rest, I must consult with Lindsay. I know not what it may be in my power to do.”

“Oh, not Lindsay—do not consult only Lindsay,” Ellen could not refrain from saying. “Papa, send for Rawson—no one knows the

state of your affairs better than he does. He has been with you for so many years, and cares for us all. Let him be told the extremity to which Edward is reduced, and you will hear from him if anything can be done. There is no time to be lost. To-morrow night Edward must leave England, or he will be arrested. Already he is taking steps to arrange the sale of his commission; for he feels himself bound in honour to pay as far as he is able. Something must be done to save him from this ruin—let me at once send off for Rawson.”

“Do, love, if you wish it,” Lord Mordaunt answered feebly, “but nothing can be done without Lindsay. I must not be unfair by my elder son.—What sound is that?”

It was the sound of an arrival, and Ellen felt her time for action was past. When she re-entered the drawing-room, she found Lord Lindsay there. Charles Dalrymple was plying him with questions, and Lady Lindsay was suffered to clasp his hand. Almost before Ellen had exchanged words with her brother, Lady Elizabeth began the attack she had been meditating; for she was as much provoked as her husband at having been so long neglected.

"May I ask, Ellen, or is it a secret—have you left Edward with my father?"

"No, Edward left the house some time ago. I have been alone with papa, and he desired me to tell you how sorry he was that he did not feel well enough to come up stairs again this evening. When you are at leisure, Lindsay, he will be glad to see you in his own room."

"So it really was Edward who went out when we heard the house door bang! Lady Elizabeth said it was, and I refused to believe it—I actually refused to believe it. My love, is it not true that when you said, 'There goes Edward,'—I answered—'Impossible! he knows we are in the house.' The impropriety of neglecting his family thus, is really glaring. Pray, Ellen, what was his excuse?"

"It is I who require an excuse. I really quite forgot to mention that you were here."

"Forgot! Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Dalrymple, emitting a peevish sound of laughter, while his lips were compressed into a state of unnatural thinness.

"Pray, Ellen," Lady Elizabeth continued, "how soon, and in what shape, will the subject of this long conference transpire? I think

for the last two months we have not been called upon to sympathise in Edward's innocence and misfortunes. After so long a rest we are quite ready."

"Has Edward been dining here?" enquired Lord Lindsay.

"That is a most natural question," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I own I should have been surprised if it had not suggested itself to Lindsay. I expected from the first, Lindsay, that you would take the same view of this transaction that I do. Edward has not dined here—he has been in the house since dinner, and has not even taken the trouble to walk up stairs to see us. I was sure, my love, that Lindsay would be struck as I am."

Lord Lindsay turned his back upon him. "Ellen, what has Edward done to make my uncle's ire rage so strongly against him? Rawson tells me his virulence at the mention of his name knows no bounds."

"He has offended him—I believe. It is a long history—too long to tell now—but you will soon hear it all."

"Another mystery," said Elizabeth—"and Ellen speaks as if she could not help it. I expect a trouble upon a large scale this time."

“Spare me, Elizabeth”—Ellen said in a low tone—“I cannot laugh to-night.”

The tears were in her eyes, and for a time Lady Elizabeth was silenced ;—but Lord Lindsay, who both heard and saw what was passing, instinctively felt that some attack was to be made upon his feelings, and his countenance already betrayed an expression of cold annoyance. He was shortly summoned by a message from Lord Mordaunt, and Ellen almost panted for breath as she saw him leave the room. She really grew bewildered as she thought of the utter ruin that was impending over Edward ; and with difficulty she roused herself to answer at random the ample provision of nothings which her brother-in-law continued to furnish, as his share towards supporting conversation.

Lady Elizabeth now maintained a haughty silence. She saw that there was a mystery, and a more serious one than she had at first imagined, and felt as much aggrieved by Ellen’s reserve as if her sister had not been taught, by much bitter experience, to defer as long as possible the moment when, by placing a grievance at Elizabeth’s disposal, she would arm her with fresh powers to wound.

They went away at last—Lady Elizabeth expressing a hope, as she left the room, that Ellen would be better in the morning—for it seemed to her that she must be very unwell. Mr. Dalrymple begged Lady Lindsay to plead as his apology to Lord Lindsay for not remaining to bid him good night, that it was cold, and he did not like to keep his horses waiting.—“We gentlemen understand each other upon these points”—he added, with a smile of superiority.

It was not long before Lord Lindsay returned. Ellen looked up as if she could read in his countenance the effect of her father’s communication; but he always looked supercilious when he walked into a room; and she could not discover that he looked one shade more supercilious than usual. She waited in hopes that he would begin to speak on the subject; but Lord Lindsay, in his own family, was like a ghost—he seldom spoke unless he was spoken to; so Ellen determined to take courage and bring forward the subject at once.

“You have been with my father, Lindsay. What do you think of all this unhappy business of Edward’s?”

“There can be but one opinion concerning

it, I imagine. The reckless imprudence of the whole transaction is sufficiently apparent."

"And the consequences are dreadful. Poor fellow! you never saw any body in greater distress than he was, when he came here an hour ago.—I suppose that papa told you of his marriage?"

"He did." Lord Lindsay took up a pamphlet and slowly turned over the pages. Ellen might have been puzzled how to go on, if Lady Lindsay's attention had not been caught, and her curiosity fairly roused.

"Edward married!—did I hear rightly? Ellen, if it is not a secret, tell me what you and Lindsay are talking about:"—and she looked at her husband for leave to listen.

He moved an arm-chair nearer the table, and deliberately settled himself to his pamphlet; but Ellen took advantage of Lady Lindsay's question to relate the whole story, introducing every extenuating circumstance she could think of.

"Poor Edward!" Lady Lindsay exclaimed, "I am very sorry for him. It would be such a sad thing for him to be parted from his pretty wife, and at such a time too. And how

will they ever contrive to live if he gives up his profession? I have no patience with that shocking wicked friend. Cannot we help him, Lindsay, to pay the money?"

Lord Lindsay turned over another page of his book, and Lady Lindsay saw that she had gone too far.

"I am sure," she added, "I wish that we could think of anything that could be done."

"If anything can be done," said Ellen, "it must be done quickly. Early to-morrow morning I am to let Edward know if there be indeed no help for him. I will go again to my father," and she rose to leave the room.

Lord Lindsay's book was closed. "It is my father's wish, Ellen, to hear no more on the subject. He is now convinced by repeated experience, that it is useless to impoverish himself by paying for Edward's extravagance. You had better let Edward pursue the plan he has marked out for himself. When his debts were last paid he was warned to expect no more."

"And since that time he has kept clear from debt. This transaction took place before. For the last few years at least, you cannot accuse him of imprudence."

“ His marriage does not appear to me a remarkable instance of prudence. But of that he is of course the best judge. I have long since told him that I beg to be excused from all farther interference in his affairs.”

“ Then to-morrow I will again appeal to my father. So small a portion of his yearly income would save Edward from this utter ruin. He will not refuse to hear me. Hereafter——”

Ellen could not go on. She wished to say that, in case of her father's death, some provision must be made for Edward, and the sum now advanced could be deducted from it:—but she felt that her voice would fail her, and Lord Lindsay's coldness made her shrink from shewing anything like emotion. He remained silent, and Lady Lindsay, who was frightened to hear Ellen go on saying what he evidently did not like to hear, once more began—

“ It is such a pity that nobody can do anything to help him. I am sure that somebody ought to be able to do something. He must have such a quantity of friends. Surely he must have some friend who can help him.”

“ He is now suffering because he has helped a friend,” said Ellen; “ and all are not so willing to help those who have no natural claim upon

them. It is easier for rich relations to wonder, than for poor friends to give assistance."

"Still it seems such a pity that nothing can be done. I wish that Raymond were here. I am sure that Raymond would do something to help him."

Lord Lindsay looked at Ellen. — "No, no — not Lord Raymond" —. She said no more — she tried to think no more. Whatever happened, Edward must not accept assistance from him—he was nothing to them, he never could be anything.

"I declare," Lady Lindsay added quite cheerfully, "that will get us out of all our difficulties. We must make Harriet Rivers write to tell him all about it."

Yes—Harriet Rivers—Ellen had not remembered that. If her influence were so great, all indeed might be easily settled.

CHAPTER XII.

My Cassilda !

It oft-times mars my rest, when I need rest,
Lest thou shouldst think I mean unkindly by thee
When the world wears me down ! Heaven can attest,
That never did this bosom own a thought
Save tenderness to thee !

No more of this—

Or in the fond mood of a weeping girl,
I'll call thee best and noblest through my tears !
In life, or death, I am Fidelity.

Siege of Antwerp.

BEFORE any of the family were down to breakfast, Ellen was on her way to Edward's lodgings. She went with a heavy heart, for she had no good tidings to give. She had to pass through the little shop, and mount a narrow staircase, before she reached their humble

apartments. At another time she would have smiled to think that Edward, with all his natural love of luxury, had found his best happiness in such a home as that. Now she was ready to weep when she thought that that happiness was already ended.

Edward advanced to meet her—"Oh, I am glad you are come. I knew how it would be. Clara has been suffering for some days, and now she has fretted herself quite ill at the thoughts of parting. You will comfort her. Ellen, in every trouble you have always been my best comfort."

"But I bring you none now," she began.

"I expected none," he said quickly, "if Lindsay were to be the channel through which it was to flow. However, I do not blame him—he is as Heaven made him—and I have given him no encouragement to shew any extra kindness to me. Clara, here is Ellen."

Clara's cheek was pale, and her eyes were dimmed with tears; but as she advanced to meet her, Ellen felt that even Edward's description had not prepared her for the sight of so much loveliness—such soft and touching beauty. Yet there was no want of expression.

There were rapid changes of voice and manner, as hurriedly she poured forth her gratitude to Ellen for the many kind messages she had sent, and her kind greeting now.

“Often, often in my very happiest hours, I have longed for some shew of kindness from those whose very name was dear to me—for their name was his. Yet how I have trembled at the thought of this moment;—for, oh! he has sacrificed too much for me;—and you, who love him, must wish that he had never, never seen my face.”

“Hush, love, hush,” said Edward, drawing her towards him. “Ellen loves me too truly to wish such a thing as that. She will be a sister to you when I am gone.”

“When you are gone!” Clara repeated, and trembling she sank back on the sofa from which she had risen. “Tell me, Lady Ellen,” she continued, after a moment’s pause, “is it displeasure at his marriage that makes them all behave so cruelly to him? Yes, cruelly—I can think of no other word. It may be unjust—for they say that strong affection will mislead the judgment;—but it does seem to me cruel, coolly to stand by and see him sink, when

those who are bound to him by the strong ties of nature have power to stretch out a hand to save him. Tell me, am I the cause? Is it for me that he must leave his country, and lose his station in society? For me, who, they say, has not strength to go with him—but they are mistaken. Edward, at all risks we must be together. I cannot leave you—I cannot be left alone.”

“Not alone, dearest—your uncle will not suffer that. If all else should fail, he will take you to his own home.”

“He cannot,” Clara answered; “already he has taken Harriet. And you would not be there—still I should be alone. Edward, I am stronger than you think now; but if you once leave me, I never shall have strength to join you.”

“My Clara,” he whispered, “you will join me with our child. You must think, love, of nothing but the bliss of that meeting.”

“No, no—the parting now”—and she sobbed hysterically, while Edward clasped her yet closer to his heart.

“She shall come home with me,” said Ellen. “My father has consented to receive her

as a daughter ; and I will nurse her carefully, and teach her to love me as a sister. Till you can settle some plan of life for the future, your natural home shall be hers. You will consent to that, Clara—you will come home with me ?”

“ Heaven bless you, Ellen, for those words,” Edward answered gratefully. “ I shall better bear to leave her, if I leave her with you. For long she has not been well ; and now she is so ill and suffering, she is not fit to struggle for herself. My God ! it seems so hard to leave her—but I have no other choice. Once safe from an arrest, I shall be able to think what had best be done.”

The Howards and Miss Rivers now arrived. Mr. Howard was very much discomposed, and more out of charity with life than it had ever occurred to him to be before. It was his habit to be fond of everybody, and he was particularly fond of Edward and Clara, and was proud of their happiness, which he had once contrived to place in some jeopardy—and now he had to see them both miserable—and he was very much displeased with the author of their misery—and with Lord Mordaunt—or rather with Lord Lindsay—for doing nothing towards re-

lieving it. He was disgusted too with himself, because he was not richer, and had no ready money. He had at last found something to wish for. On the preceding day he had comforted himself by declaring that it would be easy somehow or other to compromise the matter; but now that he had inquired more particularly into it, and seen the parties concerned, he found that hope was vain—at least for the present. Money was the only thing that would do, and money it seemed was not to be had. Some however he was able to advance, to facilitate Edward's departure; and taking all the circumstances into consideration, he was now only eager to hurry him away.

Mrs. Howard met Lady Ellen with the utmost warmth and affection; and considering how very difficult it is to throw off at once a long existing prejudice, Ellen was very well satisfied with the manner in which she acquitted herself during these first moments of profession and explanation. If it had not been for poor Clara's grief, Mrs. Howard was quite ready to laugh at the suspicions which she was well aware Ellen had entertained respecting her.

“Confess, Lady Ellen,” she could not resist saying, “that you never met us, without lamenting the hard fate that threw you into such immoral society;—and so completely are we all the slaves of opinion, I justified your’s, by looking like a culprit, instead of wearing the bold front of innocence. I was ready to sink into the earth when I was denounced by my own children for possessing Edward’s picture, which I held in trust for Clara. And in my worst dilemmas, Harriet would never come to my assistance—she really seemed to enjoy the loss of my reputation.”

“I enjoyed much which I now see ought to have made me melancholy,” said Harriet despondingly, as she looked at Clara, whose feelings of illness seemed to be rapidly increasing. Her colour varied, and she started nervously at the various noises which reached her from the narrow street—but she scarcely listened to their inquiries—she was well—quite well—ready to set off at that moment—to travel anywhere—anyhow—how many in her situation must go through worse hardships than that.

Edward heard in troubled silence. He felt that it was impossible. Without a home, with-

out female attendance, without money to provide more than the bare necessities of life,—he could not risk taking her to a foreign land, away from all her friends. Better to part and leave her to their charity. Yes—it was already come to that; and he shrank from the prospect before them both; for well he knew how grudging is the charity that they who are termed “the rich” show to the distressed of their own order. Even those who are by nature generous and kind-hearted, soon learn to consider it a virtue, carefully to repress the benevolent impulse which would lead them on to do what, by some possible contingency, might affect the enjoyment of one single luxury, that habit has taught them to consider as part of their inheritance.

Though she felt she ought to be returning home, Ellen still lingered on. She longed at once to remove Clara from her present uncomfortable abode. Edward had gone back with the Howards, that he might talk more freely over his future proceedings; and she and Miss Rivers sat in silence by Clara’s couch, who every moment grew more feverish and restless. Every noise in the shop beneath was distinctly

heard ; and it really seemed to Ellen as if every carriage and dray-cart in London were passing through that devoted street. Clara did not complain, but she pressed both hands to her forehead, and when Ellen half closed the shutters, she faintly thanked her. Every thing seemed unquiet, she said, without as well as within—it had never been so before, and it made her feel so confused. Where was Edward? he ought not to leave her now—she never meant to be left by him.

Harriet was now completely subdued. She wept over Edward's ruin, and Clara's grief, and Ellen's kindness ; and Ellen at last left the two sisters together, with such rising feelings of affection for them both, attended with so much compassion for the young, sorrowing wife, as gave her a vague hope that something would yet happen to save so much needless unhappiness : for it was needless : she was certain that if Lindsay had been absent, Edward would not have been suffered to pay so severe a penalty for his imprudence.

Lady Lindsay made many affectionate inquiries about the state of Edward's spirits, and the degree of beauty that Clara possessed, and was

still hoping that the shocking wicked friend would think better of it and pay the money, and was sure that if he did not, somebody else would. She was the sort of amiable creature who never could bear to think that any body's troubles would last.

Lord Lindsay did not ask a single question, nor commit himself by uttering an observation. Having once distinctly expressed his contempt for Edward's rashness, and his displeasure at his marriage, he desired at the present crisis to hear his name mentioned as seldom as possible. Edward's troubles were of his own seeking; and Lord Lindsay had no intention of exposing himself to the rebound of them.

It was some comfort to Ellen that her father at once acceded to her request of allowing Clara to remain with them till she should be able to rejoin Edward. For all else he referred her to Lord Lindsay. It did not seem to strike him that, leaving England under such circumstances, Edward probably left it for life. If hereafter he should be able to pay the remainder of his debt, the utmost he could expect would be that enough should be allowed him to carry on existence in some of those

happy corners to be found on the Continent, where it is possible to obtain a year's clothing, and warming, and feeding, for a sum which in our prosperous England would scarcely procure the common necessities of life for a single week.

Frederick Percival returned to London in time to accompany Ellen in her second visit to Edward's lodgings, but Edward was not there. He had received timely intelligence that a writ was already out against him, and Mr. Howard had prevailed upon him not to risk returning to his own home, but to conceal himself at the house of a friend. Still he sent word to Clara that at all hazards he would see her again before he left England. Clara could only weep and submit. She was now too ill for exertion or remonstrance, and Ellen found little difficulty in persuading her to allow herself to be at once removed to Grosvenor Square. Already she had no home; for this was no longer a home for Edward, and it seemed to her that she should find relief in quitting it.

On that evening there was assembled in the drawing-room at Grosvenor Square, Lord and Lady Lindsay, and Mr. Dalrymple. In the

manners of the two former there was nothing very different from usual, but Mr. Dalrymple was evidently not a little discomposed, as he said—"I am then to return to Lady Elizabeth, and inform her, that the information which only reached us through her acquaintance with the Howard family is correct?"

"As they are parties concerned, she has probably little doubt of it," Lord Lindsay shortly answered.

"Then you must allow me to observe that we have both been exceedingly ill used. An event of so much family importance, ought to have been duly communicated to us. In my own family such neglect would have been considered unpardonable."

Lord Lindsay vouchsafed no answer.

"I am sure," said Lady Lindsay, who was really looking quite fresh and pretty in her little lace-cap—"I am sure I should have been very glad if nobody had told me poor Edward's melancholy history. I have been quite miserable all day. So many friends as he has, it does seem so strange that nobody can do any thing for him."

At this moment Ellen came down stairs

from Clara's room. Poor Clara ! almost immediately upon her arrival, she had grown so much worse that Ellen had summoned medical assistance, and after a few hours of suffering and danger, her life was pronounced to be safe, but her child was born dead. Edward was now with her—but in two hours he was to commence his journey. Mr. Howard had taken every possible precaution to arrange his departure in safety. Ellen, when Clara was at the worst, had been again and again to her father, to tell him of her danger, and Edward's agony at parting from her at such a time—again and again she entreated him to make any arrangement that would enable Edward to remain in his profession—but she only agitated him, and did no good.

“ This is my last earthly sorrow,” he said, “ and I submit. I had hoped, when I should be called away, to have left all my children happy ; but such trouble is come upon Edward, as his high spirit is ill fitted to bear. He too must submit. Lindsay will do what he thinks right for his brother—I cannot be unjust to my elder son.”

It was in vain to represent to him how small

a portion even of his yearly income was the sum required to set Edward free. With the pertinacity of a weakened mind, he clung to the impression Lord Lindsay had given him, that any further assistance to Edward would essentially impoverish him; and Ellen, distressed at the sight of his agitation, repented the vain efforts she had made.

“And how is poor Clara now?” Lady Lindsay asked, as soon as Ellen appeared—“and what tidings have you of Edward? I hope by this time that some of his friends have come forward and paid the money. They will not surely let him go?”

“Perhaps they have the same trust in us;—but not the less surely must Edward this very night leave us all—leave too the young fond wife he doats upon, lying there—her spirit still hovering between life and death. Lindsay, can you let this be? It is in your power to prevent it, and to preserve Edward from a life of poverty and dependence. It must be in your power to make some arrangement that will release him from his present distress. Persuade my father, if you will, to withdraw his allowance—still he will be able to struggle on, and in

after-life he will have something to look to. It is vain to talk of friends. He cannot apply to them, when it is in the power of his own family to assist him, and they refuse. And after all, Lindsay, can you tell me what he has done to be treated so harshly?"

"You must excuse me," he answered; "I have no wish to give my opinion of Edward's conduct."

"I know not why I ask for it. In this instance, you can but think it imprudent; and to atone for that imprudence he is doing what is most right and honourable—you must feel that he is. But what can the world think of him? His ruin and his flight will be talked of—it will be known that his family have cast him off—they upon whom he has claims of assistance—they too who have power to afford it, and who are friends of Heaven's own providing. Even were there guilt, the ties of nature could not quite be broken. What excuse is there to tear them asunder now? Lindsay," Ellen added bursting into tears, "you could not do this, if you had seen his distress as I have."

"He was warned," Lord Lindsay coldly answered. "It was distress of his own seeking."

Edward heard these words as he entered the room. "You are right, Lindsay," he said, "and I could bear it well, were I the only sufferer. Ellen, she is sleeping now—when she wakes, you must break to her that I am gone. They tell me all danger is past, and I think they would not deceive me now; but they are fearful hours which I must live before I again hear of her. And now farewell, Ellen—my kindest and my dearest one, be comforted"—for she sobbed in agony as he pressed her to his heart. Some words he whispered of happiness and Percival, but she did not raise her head. "And farewell, Lindsay," he added. "We may not meet again for many years—I trust that we part friends."

Lord Lindsay shook the hand extended to him—"Good-bye, Edward." Not another syllable passed his lips—not a change came over his countenance. It was difficult for his own kindred to help hating Lindsay at that moment.

Lady Lindsay's soft heart was quite melted—"My dear Edward," she said, "you must not really go—you must not indeed. It makes Ellen so wretched, and others too. Only think

of poor Mrs. Glanville so ill up stairs ! The man never can be so cruel as not to wait for his money—and to-morrow some of us will write to Raymond—I am sure that Raymond will be so happy to pay it. Lindsay, do not you think it the best plan that some of us should write to Raymond ?”

“ No, no !” Edward quickly answered, “ Raymond must do nothing for me ;”—and again he affectionately embraced Ellen.

“ You must go now, dearest,” she said as she disengaged herself from him—“ you are lingering here too long. Do not fear for Clara. Heaven will preserve her to you, and I will love and cherish her as a sister.”

Mr. Howard was waiting down stairs for Edward, and persuaded him to depart without taking leave of his father. It would have distressed the old man too much ; for already he seemed shaken by the agitation of the day. It was not till the next morning that Ellen communicated to him Edward’s parting message, deploring the distress he had caused, and trusting that all his imprudence was forgiven.

Clara shed no tears, when Ellen told her that Edward’s last parting words were to beg

that for his sake she would be calm. "Tell him when you write," she said, "that I have strength to do all he wishes. He might indeed fear that life were parting from me, if I were too weak for that."

Ellen was soon summoned to the drawing-room, and left Mrs. Howard to watch by Clara. Miss Rivers, the Dalrymples, and Frederick Percival were there. Lady Elizabeth was unusually silent. She saw that Ellen's feelings were too highly strung for her to indulge in any thing like sarcasm; and she really was disturbed that Edward should have fallen into such serious distress; but she was also excessively annoyed at the reserve with which she had been treated, especially by Harriet Rivers. It was very doubtful indeed whether their friendship would survive it.

Mr. Dalrymple too was most seriously affronted. He understood there had been a regular family scene the preceding evening, and it was unaccountable that he had not been summoned to it. He thought too that a family council should have been held, as to the expediency of Edward's quitting England.

"I should have been able to suggest some-

thing," he remarked. "It might have been adviseable to write to Mr. Bolland. Ellen, did it ever occur to you that a letter might have been written to Mr. Bolland?"

"It would have been useless," Miss Rivers answered; "Mr. Bolland has himself informed me that he hates our very name. He will never forgive Mr. Glanville's marriage."

"No, I am afraid not," said Lady Lindsay. "He is such a very hard-hearted man; he never liked poor Lindsay."

"Indeed! that is very strange," Lady Elizabeth remarked; "for as somebody says somewhere, 'the heart will leap kindly back to kindness;' and Lindsay's philanthropy is proverbial."

"Thank you, dear Elizabeth! I do so love to hear Lindsay praised. But though Mr. Bolland is out of the question, I cannot see that it is even now too late to write to Raymond. I am not very sure whether Lindsay would quite approve of any interference on my part, or I would apply to him directly; but you, Ellen, who take your own way so boldly, you surely can have no scruple about writing to Raymond—or you, Miss Rivers, who know him so in-

timately : for your sister's sake you might surely hazard one letter. Raymond will be so charmed and flattered to have a letter from you."

Lady Lindsay was always thinking of some pleasant little thing to say.

Miss Rivers coloured deeply and looked at Ellen — Ellen coloured more deeply still, and looked at Frederick Percival. He was perturbed, that was quite evident, and by hastily speaking he saved them both the trouble.

"I should doubt," he said, "whether Edward would accept such an obligation, from one who, after all, is scarcely connected with him. I would that I were in a situation to make such an application unnecessary."

"You think then that it had better not be made?" Ellen asked; and determined to shew that she individually had no intention of charming or flattering Lord Raymond by writing him a letter, she added, "You had better tell Miss Rivers in time, if you believe that Edward would be distressed at her taking such a step. I know that he has once refused, when Lord Raymond offered to assist him."

"That was quite a pity," observed Lady

Lindsay; "for I am certain that Raymond would have been so happy. With all his riches, it seems so natural that he should make himself of use to him. I was saying so to Lindsay last night, but he made me no answer, and I could not quite make out what he thought about it, and that left me doubtful as to writing myself."

"Tell us, Frederick, what had best be done?" persisted Ellen.

"I cannot; you and Miss Rivers must be the best judges. In all such cases we can only weigh other people's feelings by our own; and, Ellen, you cannot have forgotten how great was the temptation held out to me, to take advantage of Lord Raymond's generosity, yet I refused."

"Raymond is the most generous creature," said Lady Lindsay.

"I believe so," said Miss Rivers. "Lady Ellen had better write to him. I really have not courage."

"Then the matter is decided," Ellen answered.

Lord Raymond received no letter, and Mr. Percival seemed relieved.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was still delay
Vexatious, wearying, wasting, day by day.
He does not surely trifle, Heaven forbid—
Ah, more than this, unlucky girl, is thine ;
Thou must the fondest views of life resign.

CRABBE.

A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against this change prepare.

POPE.

This is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE was another victim of Edward's imprudence, of whom no one at that moment dreamed—an unconscious victim too—the most interesting thing on earth. It signified little to Eliza Beaumont who represented Dornton, if she could only manage to escape from its

suburbs. The election, as she said, had been a very disappointing thing. Most of the voters were really unpleasant looking men, not the least worth trying to make acquaintance with; and besides they seemed to think of nothing but the state of the poll.

“I am sure,” she said to Julia Harrison the next morning, “I never can be glad enough that it is over. We have had a most miserable time of it—quite afraid to come and see you even, for fear we should all quarrel. Mamma was so anxious that papa and Mr. Harrison should not meet. She was sure that if they got to their politics while the election was going on, it would be all over with our friendship. However, for my part, I do not care the very least about Richard being beat. It seemed so foolish, when we might have got somebody fresh among us to be a member, to have nothing but one’s own brother. And Richard is so dull—he would never have spoken at all.”

“We rather expect,” Julia answered, “that John will distinguish himself. It was always my wish that John should come into Parliament. I very often said ‘Try to get in, and you will get in,’ and so he has. In fact this election

has been all my doing. I do not the least repent having persuaded John to try. I know that Mr. Spry has expressed great confidence in his talents."

"Then I suppose that he will vote on Mr. Spry's side, and I dare say that is as good as any other. However, we do not think any thing of Mr. Spry's opinion—we are all very much changed about him—papa thinks very ill of him indeed—he says he is a very low kind of man:—and certainly it was very shameful of him to go about to all the balls, talking and dancing as if he were unmarried."

"I know that you thought him so; but I am not often deceived; I always said his talents were very great, and we continue to think them just as great though he is married:—that makes no difference with us. Papa gave one vote to him and one to Lord Lindsay. He only voted for Lord Lindsay because John would have been vexed if he had not, as they are such personal friends. But in fact papa would have been very glad if Mr. Spry had beat him—and he ought to have beat him, only there was so much intimidation. Mr. Spry did talk of petitioning; but as he was more than two thou-

sand behind, they settled it would be quite useless."

"I did not wish Lord Lindsay to win—I dislike him very much. I am sure," Eliza said emphatically, "no one has more reason to dislike Lord Lindsay than I have."

"Lord Lindsay!—I cannot imagine how Lord Lindsay has ever found an opportunity to give you reason particularly to dislike him."

"Cannot you? I thought you might have guessed. There is but one point on which my interests and Lord Lindsay's can clash. Julia," Eliza added with solemnity, "I am going to tell you what I have never before told to anybody. I am almost quite convinced, that if he were not afraid of his family, Captain Glanville would propose to me."

This was too much for Julia's friendship to stand quietly. "Oh! nonsense, Eliza, you are always fancying that somebody or other means to propose to you. You know what you fancied about Mr. Spry."

"Yes, but Mr. Spry behaved most shamefully. He ought to have told us that he was married. I do not consider Captain Glanville to be at all like Mr. Spry—and you never saw

any thing the least like his manner to me the day of the cricket match:—such pains as he took to make me walk away from all the others, that he might talk to me alone—and then when I told him that one of the Irby's was going into the army, and said how I liked that profession, and added, that next to being an officer, it must be the pleasantest thing to be an officer's wife, he looked quite delighted, and said he only wished it was in his power to promote me to the situation—and then he walked away, as if afraid of saying more. He did indeed. ‘In his power’—those were his very words. They can only mean either that his family will not consent, or that he is not rich enough. I dare say that horrid Lord Lindsay is at the bottom of it all. He is so particularly disagreeable to me—I dare say he suspects something.”

“But what has he to suspect?” persisted Julia.

“Why that Captain Glanville is in love with me. If you had only seen his look when I said about the officer's wife! He really laughed with delight. And of course Lord Lindsay wants him to marry somebody rich. And now you may conceive how I have suffered at being

kept from London, when I know that Captain Glanville is there. I am naturally most anxious for another meeting."

"But after all," said Julia kindly, "as you have told him once that you wish to marry him, and he has refused, I do not see what more you can do. I think you are very unjust about Lord Lindsay always. You would have it one day that he would not let Lady Ellen marry Mr. Percival ; and I tell you all this time that she is engaged to Lord Raymond."

The door was hastily opened by Mrs. Beaumont.—"My dears," she said, without giving herself time to investigate who was there. "I am sadly put out. I wish I ever knew beforehand what your father would wish. I would say 'not at home' without any scruple, though he is about the grounds somewhere, only perhaps he would not like it. But I must say I think it very ill-judged of John Harrison to come here to triumph over us, and poor Richard's farewell speech scarcely out of his mouth."

"Oh mamma, you do not see Julia!—Mamma is always making those sort of mistakes, and we never mind."

"No to be sure—Julia will not think of mind-

ing. She must be sure I did not know she was here, or I never should have said it;—and I dare say, Julia, you have seen your poor mother worried more than enough about this melancholy election business. If I were not so hurried packing up, I would step and comfort her.”

“Comfort her! Mamma!—why you never saw such a state of delight as she is in. We did nothing yesterday but laugh at her. And when Tom Brown rushed up stairs to say how high John was on the poll, we were really afraid that mamma would have rushed into his arms. She laughed at herself afterwards till she could hardly stand.”

“Well! I should like to see Mr. Beaumont’s face if he were to hear of Tom Brown dashing up your stairs in that familiar kind of way. However, he should not grudge anything that can give your poor mother a laugh—so much care and anxiety as she has. I am sure I never can get poor David out of my head;—and what must it be to her?”

“Mamma,” said Anne, who now entered the room, looking very shy and demure, “here is Mr. John Harrison. They shewed him into

the room where Maria and I were sitting ; and papa is out, so Maria told me to bring him up here."

"And I only hope that Miss Anne Beaumont is as ready to lead as I am to follow," said John, with all the becoming gallantry of a successful electioneerer.

"So you have not seen Mr. Beaumont—I am very much distressed, Mr. John, that he should be out of the way"—Mrs. Beaumont said with great sincerity, for she was excessively puzzled to know how she should receive him. "I somehow hardly expected to have seen you to-day—so very much as has been happening to us all. I suppose that you feel quite in parliament already ; and it might have been just the same with Richard if things had not fallen out so. However, for old friendship's sake, if you like it we are all bound to be happy. But I am afraid, by what I can make out from Mr. Beaumont, that you have come in, in a most unpleasant manner to yourself and your family—pledged to all kinds of shocking things.—You may believe me, Mr. John, that nobody can regret it more than I do."

"Thank you, Mrs. Beaumont, but what I

am pledged to, I am ready to support, and a successful candidate does not require much condolence. Indeed I find the trade so pleasant, I hope to be a successful candidate here. Miss Anne Beaumont, I shall begin by canvassing you. We are to give a little supper to-night to some of my zealous friends; and as every thing has gone off with such perfect good-humour, my mother thought that you and your sisters might be prevailed upon to return with Julia, dine at our house, and stay the evening. Miss Anne Beaumont, we are always good friends—I ask for your vote and interest.”

Anne’s blue sash had not been worn for nothing. That was very clear.

Maria Beaumont, who made her appearance in time to hear this expression of John Harrison’s proud humility, answered in a tone which shewed that the feeling was by no means sympathetic.

“Of course as Anne is so very great a lady, she will go to you or not as she pleases. Eliza too will probably take her own way.—I—who have some sisterly consideration for Richard—must beg to decline.”

“Well!” said Eliza, “I cannot see how it

can hurt Richard, that we should go after a little amusement this evening—so shut up as we have been entirely for his sake; and why he should want to represent Dornton when Dornton does not want to be represented by him, I cannot imagine. But though Richard is rather dull, he is very good-natured, and I am sure he would not wish us to stay at home. The Irby's will be with you, I suppose; you cannot have left them out—so active as they have been."

"Their conduct to Richard has been atrocious," said Maria.

"Oh, Miss Beaumont, you take all this too seriously. I do assure you that this is a case where nothing like mortification can be felt on either side. In fact I can scarcely attribute my success to my personal popularity—it is chiefly due to my friendship with Lindsay. As you may suppose, Lindsay's influence at Dornton is very great, and he naturally exerted it in my favour. He could do no less, considering our early intimacy. I am sure that Richard himself will not grudge me this natural advantage. Miss Anne Beaumont, I am waiting for your answer?"

“You are very good. Maria seems to think ——”

“Oh, I must not hear just now what Maria thinks—I want to know what Miss Anne Beaumont thinks,” persisted the insinuating John.—“Mrs. Beaumont, I am sure you would wish your daughters to come and meet a few people at our house this evening?”

“Oh yes, my dears, go by all means—I am sure your father can have no objection to your amusing yourselves, though I feel bound to say, Mr. John, that he disapproves very decidedly of your politics.”

“Tom Brown will sit at the head of the table of course?” said Maria.

“Very good, Miss Beaumont, very fair”—and John laughed heartily. “Miss Eliza and Miss Anne I have secured, I see, and I will not despair of Miss Beaumont. Julia, I shall think very ill of your success as a canvasser if you do not bring all three up to the poll; and so good morning, fair ladies.”

“You must excuse me, Julia,” Maria said very decidedly.

“Certainly. I said this morning you would not come.”

“And,” Maria continued, “it is my decided opinion that Eliza and Anne should also, upon this occasion, contrive to keep their evening at home. It is really like an insult to Richard that we should go and rejoice over his defeat.”

“No, not over his defeat—that would be too shocking”—said Anne.

“Certainly—so you are only going to rejoice over his adversary’s victory. I congratulate you, Anne, upon learning to draw such nice distinctions.—I suppose, Julia, that your brother won some heavy bets upon his own success. Betting and racing generally go together.”

Julia was preparing a retort to this, but Eliza, foreseeing that if Maria were exasperated, their chance of going to the party was small, once more observed, that she was very sorry Dornton would not have Richard, but she did not see how their staying at home would remedy that. If, though, Maria thought differently, it was very right of her not to go.

The result of all this was, that in ten minutes Anne Beaumont was on her road to the scene of John Harrison’s triumph;—with a very pleasing persuasion that, both as simple John

Harrison, and as member for Dornton, he was a remarkably distinguished man, and that she had the good fortune to be viewed by that same distinguished man in a very favourable light.

Nothing passed at dinner to make Eliza and Anne repent the step they had taken. Poor Mrs. Harrison bore the accumulated troubles of having one son successful at his election, and another handsomely set off in the profession he had chosen, with evident symptoms of resignation. She laughed till she shook, at John's electioneering anecdotes; and Anne Beaumont too laughed and blushed, and laughed again; betraying such judicious appreciation of his social powers, as fully justified the gentleman in pronouncing her to be not only superior to her family, but to any other girl he had ever yet made acquaintance with.

Many more acquaintances were now arriving; and John flitted from one party to another, gay with some, affable to others, agreeable to all,—and still with a smile and a word for Anne as he passed and re-passed her. He was all things to all men, and all women too. The Dornton voters were proud of their

member; and John Harrison that evening in his own sphere was an admired and a happy man.

“Impossible! Mr. Robert Irby, I do not believe one word of what you are saying to me,” was an exclamation of Eliza Beaumont’s, that arrested John’s attention, as he and Julia were preparing to marshal their company to supper.

“Why, Bob, you gay deceiver, what tale are you attempting to impose on Miss Eliza Beaumont’s credulity? Remember we are not upon the hustings now. You must give no pledges but what you strictly mean to keep. Ah! you are a sad fellow to shake your head at me. I shall keep all my pledges—honour bright.”

“My tale is true—I had it from the old savage at Bolland farm.”

“The old savage! very good, Bob, capital!” A joke was a joke to the successful candidate.

“He told me that the Mordaunt family was all in confusion. He interlarded his story with so many sneers, it was difficult to make out exactly the rights of the case; but it appears

that Captain Glanville has been obliged to leave the kingdom on account of some debt incurred for a friend, and that he has left a wife behind him. I am not sure that something was not said about a child."

"Captain Glanville with a wife and child! I will not believe it. You will not find me quite so credulous as you imagine, Mr. Robert Irby. Julia knows that I have very particular reasons for not believing it."

"Better not mention them now," said Julia.

"Oh, yes, let us have them by all means," cried John. "Miss Eliza, we are all attention. I hope this is not quite so bad as the Spry case. He, you may remember, sprung a wife upon us, when we least expected."

"I do not believe it—that is all," Eliza repeated.

Robert Irby began to resent her incredulity. Every body resents being disbelieved, even when they themselves suspect the information they are imparting to be false or exaggerated.

"I have told you my authority," he said. "I will now repeat to you the very words with which the old savage of Bolland Farm concluded. 'Our elder nephew, the high and

mighty Lindsay, laid his commands upon his father to refuse all assistance—so our younger nephew, the fine young officer, has taken himself beyond the seas, and the army will have to lament the loss of his services.’ And what becomes of his wife? I ventured to ask, and then he looked as black as thunder, and said, ‘Aye, the wife—a pretty wife he has chosen—a beggar and the daughter of a beggar—she will go to the parish, I suppose, if he cannot afford to support her. I will not interfere to prevent it, though my fair niece does write a pathetic appeal to my feelings, or rather to my purse. I told him to choose between the wife and my money—he chose her.’ ”

“ Mr. Bolland is a regular old monster,” said Julia.

“ I declare, I hardly believe it yet,” repeated Eliza in rather a faltering tone. “ Did he happen to mention the name of the wife’s family ? ”

“ Yes, but I forget—something beginning with an R—Riven, something of that kind.”

“ Not Rivers, surely ? ” exclaimed Eliza, breathlessly.

“ Yes—Rivers—that’s it—now you are con-

vinced at last—now you have the whole story complete.”

“Complete, indeed—I think this beats anything I ever heard. It is altogether the most extraordinary proceeding. I have always said that Miss Rivers was the very last person he was likely to marry.”

“Yes—for he *was* married to her—so there you have the comfort of having been right,” said John.

“I never liked her,” Eliza continued. “I always said she was proud and disagreeable. I should like to see her face if she could hear herself called a beggar. And my opinion of Captain Glanville is completely altered. To be sure, what deceivers all men are !”

There was so much originality and point in this observation, that the consciousness of having uttered it almost consoled Eliza for the catastrophe which drew it from her ; and she was in the habit of hearing marriages declared which affected her claims quite as nearly. There is nothing like being used to a thing.

John Harrison seized the opportunity to offer Anne his arm, and whisper, as they proceeded towards the supper-table, that she

must not believe what her sister said — he was certain that she was acquainted with some men who did not say more than they felt—or so much.

Anne could make no answer to such a speech as that.

CHAPTER XIV.

Oh, I must coldly learn to hide
One thought all else above—
Must call upon my woman's pride
To hide my woman's love—
Check dreams I never may avow.

* * * *

Oh, those are tears of bitterness
Wrung from the breaking heart,
When two bless'd in their tenderness
Must learn to live apart.

L. E. L.

THOSE were heavy days which succeeded Edward's departure. Clara's recovery was very slow. Lord Lindsay, not being perfectly satisfied with himself, was more than usually stern and silent with others; the Dalrymples pronounced themselves affronted, and Charles came constantly to make himself and his affront apparent; Frederick Percival seemed to

be once more completely absorbed in public business; and Ellen divided her time between Clara and her father.

Letters from Edward had arrived. He was at Boulogne, where he meant to remain till Clara could join him. He could form no plans for the future, till they should once more be together.

Yes, these were heavy days—the more heavy to Ellen, because, while she was suffering from the unhappiness of one most dear to her, there was no positive affliction to ensure the sympathy of those connected with her. Lady Elizabeth, though regretting the extent of Edward's ruin, could not resist shewing her triumph at having foretold it, by saying every thing upon the subject most likely to irritate Ellen's feelings.

Lady Lindsay, with her affectionate heart, and her sunny speculations, did little better. Nobody likes to be told that they look remarkably well, when they feel particularly ill; and it was just as provoking to hear her ring various changes upon her favourite position, that such a dear lively creature as Edward would never be suffered by his friends to know real distress

—when distress was actually pressing hard upon him.

“Poor Clara !” Ellen said one day to Harriet Rivers. “Her very eagerness to be with Edward retards her recovery. It is so difficult to keep her mind quiet. Every letter from him makes her wild to set off.”

“And can you pity her for that? Can you pity her, that she loves and is beloved so fervently? Lady Ellen, I envy Clara her very tears; they are not shed for herself, but for him whose deepest grief is to be separated from her.”

“Still, they are separated, she in sickness, he in sorrow,—when hearts whose love is truest most yearn to be together.”

“True, but it is something—to me it would be almost every thing—that one absorbing feeling should be common to both. Were such devotion of heart and mind for one who repaid it all with coolness and indifference, Clara would be a wretch indeed. But she is safe from such a fate as that.”

“You speak, Miss Rivers, with so much earnestness,” said Ellen, smiling, “that if I could know you, and look at you, and still think it

possible, you would almost persuade me that you know the fate you are describing."

Harriet's colour changed, but after a moment's consideration she said—"I will not pretend to misunderstand you; and I am grateful to you for telling me that, now you know me better, you have discovered some qualities which may deserve your affection. As to my share of beauty, such as it is, it may create some admiration; but that would be a poor return for such love as I have been describing. You see I do not think it necessary to disclaim what you imply—that I *have* a certain degree of beauty. I believe it is true, but the conviction gives me no pleasure. Heaven knows I have no reason to feel vain of it.—Now I will tell you of whom I was thinking when I spoke—of Lord Raymond (Ellen started)—and of his hopeless love for you."

"For me!"

"Yes, for you — *you* need not disclaim either. The only charm that he finds in my society is that I talk to him of you. I know that Lady Elizabeth has said, and perhaps believed, that he sought me for my own sake; but

she was mistaken—you must often have been amused to think how much.”

“No, believe me—when you and Lord Raymond were with us at Mordaunt Castle, I was sometimes tempted to believe—to hope that Elizabeth was right.”

“If you could so entirely misunderstand his feelings, Lord Raymond has indeed reason to despair. I do not think it possible to be deceived as to the degree of affection felt for oneself, by those for whose attachment we have the slightest value. There are some who choose to be deceived—who will believe what they wish—but they are weak and foolish. I trust I never shall be classed with them.”

Miss Rivers did not seem to be aware that she had wandered from speaking of Ellen to speaking of herself.

She loves him then—was the thought that naturally recurred to Ellen; and she determined that it should not be her fault if Miss Rivers still considered her attachment hopeless.

“I have not seen Lord Raymond,” she said, “for many months. Even were his sentiments for me such as you imagine—by this time I may be forgotten.”

“I imagine nothing. He himself told me that you were dearer to him than life. He told me too that his attachment was hopeless. But I could not believe him—I could not believe that such love could be felt and wasted.”

“He did not tell you then, that I am so situated, to return it would be not only impossible, but wrong?”

“No.”

“But it is the simple truth. There are circumstances which must now very soon be known to all, that make it impossible that Lord Raymond can ever be more to me than a friend. If you are still incredulous, I will at once confide them to you.”

“You need not—I can guess them.”

“Then you must be convinced I only spoke the truth, when I told you that I thought it possible Elizabeth was right in supposing that you were the attraction which drew him so often to Mrs. Howard’s. I could not be vain enough to suppose that he went solely for the pleasure of talking about me. I did not wish to believe him inconsolable, and who so likely to console him as you?”

“*I*,—I console him!” Harriet covered her face

with her hands, and Ellen, who had been too much occupied in schooling her own feelings to observe those of her companion, was shocked when she found how great was the emotion she had raised. But after a moment's struggle Miss Rivers conquered it, and spoke again.

“Nor, if it were offered to me, would I undertake the task of consoling him—of consoling any man who would only marry me because he wants a wife, and cannot marry the woman he loves. My pride, or even my affection, could not stoop to that. And now let us speak no more of Lord Raymond. I only wish you to understand that I am not deceiving myself as to his sentiments for me. Tell me of yourself and Mr. Percival. When first I came to town I did fancy what it appears now was the truth ; but gradually I grew to think myself mistaken.”

“There were reasons which made us wish to keep our engagement secret ; but it has been of long standing. I tell you of it now, that you may believe I am not deceiving you about Lord Raymond. You must suffer me to say still more. I cannot but think it false pride that would prevent you from becoming the wife of

any one who, before he knew you, preferred another. Had you met earlier, *you* might have been the one preferred.

“Not by *him*. He never could have felt for another as he feels for you. His is not an attachment formed because the turnings of society brought you constantly together. He loves you because you are yourself—Ellen Glanville—to him the best, the brightest, the most beautiful that walks upon this earth.—Lady Ellen, you but little seem to know the deep devotion of the love that Lord Raymond feels for you.”

“Oh, do I not!” said Ellen, in a voice which was scarcely audible. “You wrong me; and he wrongs me too, if he imagines the thought of it sits lightly on me. I have wept over it—I have prayed that it might be overcome—I have wished in bitterness of heart that we had never, never met.”

“Hush,” said Miss Rivers starting—“I hear some one coming;”—and Frederick Percival entered the room, accompanied by Mr. Howard, in renovated spirits.

“This is pleasant,” he said rubbing his hands. “I hardly hoped, Lady Ellen, to find

you so comfortably established here. We may feel sure now that every thing is going on well up stairs. Clara will be quite strong in a few days, I do not doubt, and be able to rejoin her husband; and they will settle themselves in a snug little cottage in Switzerland, and be as happy as the day is long. I was terribly cast down at first about them; but I begin to think all this the very best thing that could possibly have happened."

"And Edward the most prudent person, and his friend the truest friend, that ever were created," said Frederick, laughing.

"Laugh as much as you please, but I will prove my words. Change of climate will be every thing for Clara, and now Edward is a married man, it is better that he should quit the army. It is a bad thing for a young wife to be carried about from barrack to barrack. That never struck me at the time of their marriage; but I am convinced it is worth a small sacrifice to escape that sort of unsettled life. Then I understand, Lady Ellen, that your respected uncle in Sussex, has a little prejudice against the military profession. He will probably relent now in Edward's favour, and leave him some-

thing handsome in his will. In fact we may almost look upon this as a pleasant little excursion that Clara and Edward are making. They will probably be recalled to England before they have seen half as much as they would wish abroad."

"And so, my dear uncle, for once, you have found out a grievance that nobody has thought of," said Harriet.

"I have brought you some pleasant news, if you did but know how to make the most of it. Lord Raymond will be up in a day or two, and is anxious to be of use to Edward. Of course you will, among you, make out that it would be very indelicate to allow him to do any thing. But my simple view of the matter is this—that if a man who has too much money, wishes to give to a man who has too little, I should say, let him."

"That may depend a little upon the motives which induce the offer," said Frederick Percival. "If it should be made from the single one of serving him, he might be right in accepting it; but there are generally many more motives than appear, which work upon a man to perform an action of uncalled-for generosity."

“That is the most uncandid remark I ever heard from you, Mr. Percival,”—was Miss Rivers’s observation.

He instantly rejoined with some bitterness—
“You mean rather, that I am unfortunate in the occasion which drew it forth. It might remotely bear upon Lord Raymond, and in this society I am well aware it is a crime to suppose that his actions can have any human alloy. All he does, or offers to do, must be perfect.”

Frederick had turned away from Miss Rivers, and his eyes encountered Ellen’s. She steadily returned his gaze.

“Lord Raymond has heard your praises in this same society,” she said, “and he did not shew resentment.”

“Resentment! Ellen, you are unjust to me. I did not mean that. But I was wrong, and you have made me feel it. Miss Rivers, I was uncandid—captious—envious—anything you like to call me. Praise Raymond as often as you please, and I will confess that you cannot say too much.”

“And may Lady Ellen have the same liberty of speech?” Mr. Howard asked. He began to imagine he had a sort of glimmering as to the

true state of affairs; but his question produced no answer; for Lord Lindsay entered the room, accompanied by John Harrison. Lord Lindsay seemed to be labouring under a dignified access of pride and bore.

“I have brought you a visitor, Ellen. Harrison only left our neighbourhood yesterday, and I was sure you would have much to ask him.”

It would have been more candid of Lord Lindsay to have said at once, “he annoys me, and I wish you would take him off my hands.”

“I shall be proud, Lady Ellen, to afford all the information in my power. I took the liberty of coming to pay Lord Lindsay a visit, that I might mention a few electioneering matters, that I thought worthy of his attention. And I also ventured”—here with great tact John Harrison looked round to ascertain that no stranger was present—“I ventured to offer my condolences upon this unfortunate business of Captain Glanville’s. I do not envy the feelings of the friend who has plunged him into this difficulty. However, this temporary annoyance must not prevent me from congratulating you, Mrs. Glanville, upon your marriage.”

“My marriage!” repeated Harriet laughing; —“my sister’s, you mean.”

“Indeed!—I beg ten thousand pardons—I see the mistake. But, good heavens! how extraordinary it is that no fact ever travels correctly into the country. London is the only place for truth. In fact, I feel like a fish out of water in the country. But as Lord Lindsay knows, without residence there would be no popularity.”

Lord Lindsay’s lip curled, but he made no answer.

“I am disappointed, Lady Ellen,” John Harrison resumed in rather a confidential tone, “to find that Lord Mordaunt is not well enough to see me. I came here charged with a message from my father. However, I must now request you, Lord Lindsay, to be my channel of communication. My father, my lord, is well aware that, owing to the constant out-lays a large property demands, the richest landed proprietors are sometimes inconvenienced by a sudden call for ready money. Now, we monied men are generally prepared for such a case; and my father would be happy to facilitate, in any way that Lord Mordaunt would point out,

an immediate settlement of Captain Glanville's affairs. No thanks, my lord," seeing that Lord Lindsay was going to speak; "fair interest for his money of course my father will be willing to receive; but the family will take its own time for repayment. As an old friend and neighbour my father will feel both pleased and honoured to be of use; and I need not say for my own part, how glad I shall be to relieve your mind, Lord Lindsay, from the anxiety which you must naturally feel, to have your brother's affairs satisfactorily settled."

John Harrison was delivered of this speech very much to his own satisfaction, and flattered himself that if the next Dornton election should be contested, the Mordaunt interest would be exerted rather more effectually.

Lord Lindsay was for once nearly betrayed into uttering a stronger expression than he meant; for the words "officious fool" rose to his lips. But he restrained himself, and stiffly bending his head, said that Mr. Harrison's message should be given to Lord Mordaunt.

"Now this is really very delightful," said Mr. Howard. "Though I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Harrison, I may

be allowed to say that I admire extremely such consideration and kindness of feeling. There certainly is a great deal of kindness floating about the world, if people did but know where to look for it:"—and in the most guileless manner he fixed his own looks upon Lord Lindsay.

This outbreak of Mr. Howard's was very pleasing to John Harrison. He had felt rather dashed by Lord Lindsay's coldness. He was now enabled to take leave gracefully.

Before he got clear of Grosvenor Square, he fortunately encountered Richard Beaumont, and passed his arm through his with an air of infinite condescension.—"Ha, Richard, my fine fellow, how do you do? Plodding home from chambers as usual? There is nothing like sticking to a profession. You are the real lucky one, after all. I ought to wish that the Dorntonites had shewn better taste, and chosen you instead of me. I have just snatched a moment before proceeding to the House, to say a few words to my friend Lindsay. He is very much cut up by this business of his brother's—I wanted to give him a little advice."

"And did he listen?"

“To be sure—when one man talks, another listens—where are your wits, my good fellow? Most of the family were assembled, and I heard all there was to be told. It was altogether rather an interesting scene. My feelings were more worked upon than was quite prudent. I half engaged for my father that he would perform rather a remarkable act of friendship.”

“Indeed! What?”

“Now you are hard upon me.—‘What’ is a very comprehensive question. I doubt whether Lindsay would thank me if I were to enter into details of his family affairs. Do you see those two men before us? They are two stiff Tory members. I must be off, and make the best of my way down to the House. Pray tell your sister Anne I had great pleasure in franking her letter, and shall always be at her commands as often as she will condescend to employ me.”

John Harrison walked off, leaving Richard with eyes wide open, wondering whether he ought not to feel affronted.

Mr. Howard and his niece had departed, and Ellen and Frederick Percival were left together—that is, the door was closed upon them, and they were left in the same room—Ellen at one

end of it, completing a half-written letter, and Frederick at the other in a comfortable arm-chair, a book in one hand, and a paper-knife in the other. Any people so situated, with a pronounced taste for solitude, might have flattered themselves they were alone ; but Lady Ellen Glanville and Mr. Percival were well aware of each other's presence. She fancied that he was jealous, and that he had no right to be so, when she so carefully guarded every thought and word, and action ;—and his thoughts were certainly not light or cheerful ones, for soon the book was closed, and he sighed audibly.

The letter was left still unfinished, and Ellen stood by his side, and laid her hand upon his arm. “ Frederick, what does that sigh mean ? ”

He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. “ It means that I am not worthy of this goodness. Ellen, what must you think of me ? ”

“ I will not say just now—but I will tell you how you must always think of me—as of one whose dearest hope is that she may be to you a happy and devoted wife. Frederick, you must never doubt me. It ought to be nothing to

you or me, that all should praise Lord Raymond."

"It ought not—it is nothing. Ellen, forgiving as you are, you must try to forgive my capriciousness—you must not call it by a harsher name."

"No," said Ellen smiling, "I will not call it jealousy."

He started, and his look was so searching, she almost shrank from it—but he only answered, "No, no—any thing but that. If you wish me to believe myself forgiven, do not be less cordial to Raymond than you have always been. I believe I was only cross and provoked because now I can never find you alone. You used not to like the Howards or Miss Rivers. This necessity of having them so much here must be irksome to you."

"No, I have learned to appreciate all their merits more or less. Mr. Howard is lively and amusing, and he really seems to baffle the troubles of life, by his determination to prove them blessings. As to Miss Rivers, I must confess that my dislike to her was thorough prejudice; and she was prejudiced too against me. It is a humiliating thing to own, but I

really do believe there was something like rivalry between us—we were jealous of each other—like you and Lord Raymond.”

The bright smile with which Ellen turned to him, met with no answering one—“There ought to be, there can be no rivalry between you and Miss Rivers,” he answered almost passionately. “I can better bear the word jealousy applied to me than rivalry to you and her. It never could have existed. Ellen, what could it have been to you if Raymond did admire Miss Rivers?”

“Nothing,” said Ellen gravely; “you forget, it is many months ago, since I refused Lord Raymond.” Those were difficult words to say, but they came out steadily.

“I deserved that,” Frederick answered; “I deserve that you should remind me of how much you sacrificed that you might keep your faith to me; and I do not suspect you, Ellen; believe me I do not.”

“You must not, Frederick—you must have confidence in me. Think how you would feel, if I were to doubt you.”

In hurried accents he re-assured her, but still she fancied there was constraint in his tone;

and though he parted from her with even more than his usual tenderness, after some hours of painful deliberation she sent him the following lines:—

“MY DEAREST FREDERICK,—I had not courage to say to you this morning half I wished; but you will understand that I may feel shy when speaking to you of Lord Raymond. Circumstances have thrown us more together than you can have thought right, after all that has passed, and I have been passive under them. But if you think it best, I will be so no longer. Lord Raymond is returning to London, and again, upon the plea of near connection, will be constantly here. Tell me, shall I refuse to receive his visits? Dearest Frederick, if in any way you feel dissatisfied about him, tell me so at once, as you value our future happiness.”

She had not long to wait for his answer, and when she had read it—she did not repent the step she had taken.

“Forgive, forget all that has passed this morning. Ellen, I can never distrust you. I

wish you to be as you have always been—to do as you have always done. You must not be unkind because I was unjust—we must both receive Raymond as a friend.”

This note was still in Ellen’s hand when Lord Raymond was announced.

CHAPTER XIII.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puffed prosperity?

POPE.

Oh, misery! to see the tomb
Close over all our world of bloom;
To look our last in the dear eyes
Which made our light of Paradise.

L. E. L.

AND Lord Raymond was received as a friend—as something more than a friend; for Ellen coloured deeply, and in the sudden tremor which seized her, Frederick's note escaped from her hand, and fell at her feet. Lord Raymond, as became him, stooped to take it up, and Ellen's tremor increased. He had some right to feel surprised, and perhaps a little flattered, by her agitation.

“ Lady Ellen,” he said, “ I am come to reproach you, and you must feel that I have a right to do so. Do you remember that you once said—we will be friends, always friends. It was at the most painful hour of my existence that I listened to those words; but still the recollection of them has been dear to me. And now you have been in trouble, from which the simplest act of friendship would have relieved you—and you would not allow me the happiness of performing it. What have I done to deserve this?”

“ Nothing—but Edward could not ask you to do what his father and his brother thought it right to refuse.”

“ And if Edward could not—why could not you? Why would you rather see the ruin of the brother you love, than apply to the friend who would die to serve you? Why is Edward to suffer because I had vainly dared to love you? Lady Ellen, I think I deserve that you should have confidence in me. Hours, and days, and weeks have I passed under the same roof with you, and have never given expression to the feelings which have strengthened with their very hopelessness—never since that time

when you told me I was rejected because your faith was pledged to another. Tell me, when I say that, am I doing myself more than justice?"

"No—or we should not now be together."

"I believe you—and so fearful am I of forfeiting that privilege, I would take no step that concerns you or yours without your sanction."

"You must take none. Lord Raymond, you must not misunderstand me—you must not think that it is from unkindness and distrust that all your offers are repelled. I cannot tell you half the gratitude I feel."

"Gratitude! what a word from you to me! Never say that again, and prove that you have confidence in me, by letting me act as if I were your brother."

Ellen shook her head and answered with a half smile—"I have a brother who refused to act at all—such an act of brotherly kindness from you would never be understood. You do not half know us yet. I sometimes think that we are a strange family, with very little natural affection. Edward and I, to be sure, make common cause, and my father loves us all, and we all love him; for who could help it? But

one half of us are constantly cavilling at the motives and actions of the other half, and I firmly believe that we had all rather be judged by strangers than by any of our own family. Still we may not be worse than other people. As we are none of us easy when we are apart, we are probably looked upon in the world as models of affection."

This was a desperate attempt of Ellen's to bring the conversation upon a common-place unsentimental footing; but Lord Raymond still pursued his point.

"I will be content to be cavilled at, if, in this instance, you will consent to reckon me as one of that same strange family. I know what your influence is with Edward. Remember, I shall hold you to be answerable if he should refuse to let me have any thing to do with him."

"I will be answerable for yet more—I will not even let you make him the offer. It would give him pain to refuse—but he would not accept it. Knowing the hopelessness of his prospects, I could not advise him to accept such important assistance from any one not a relation."

You will allow nothing then to the claims of

friendship—nothing to the intimacy for which Mary's marriage would be sufficient reason. Lady Ellen, I have done. At length you have contrived to make me feel that no tie can ever exist between us—not even the common tie of mutual kindness.”

Ellen's lip quivered, but she made no answer.

“Tell me,” Lord Raymond continued with increasing warmth, “is it Frederick Percival's pleasure that you should treat me with this cold caution?”

“It is my own, Lord Raymond,” said Ellen indignantly. “Is that a question that you would venture to ask Frederick Percival's wife? *I have* shewn confidence in you. I told you of my engagement—I believed you when you promised to respect it—that no word should ever pass your lips that Frederick might not hear. Is that a question such as you taught me to expect, or one that I should answer?”

“I did not mean it to offend you. Perhaps I spoke bitterly; but though from experience you can never know them, you may allow for the impatient feelings which impelled me to utter it—and I do not repent. I will brave

your anger, and repeat that I cannot believe this unkindness to be unprompted, and that I do not deserve it. I have felt deeply interested in Frederick Percival's happiness, from the moment I have known that your destiny was to be joined to his. He is the last person who should distrust me."

"He does not. See, this is his writing," and she shewed him the last line of Frederick's note. 'We must both receive Raymond as a friend.' Lord Raymond, are you satisfied now?"

"Satisfied! Great Heaven! how little are my feelings understood, when you can fancy such words as those can satisfy me. Once more you shall hear me, and then we will part. You shall not again find it necessary to consult another, how you are to receive me. I will promise, Lady Ellen, that for the future you shall not be troubled by the sight of one whose presence is evidently hateful to you. It must be hateful, when every word, every look, vouchsafed to me are measured. I ask your own heart, is this friendship that can satisfy a crushed heart like mine?"

"Alas!" said Ellen despairingly, "it seems

that I can satisfy no one—no, not even myself. Spare me, Lord Raymond—already I am so wretched.”

These words were scarcely uttered, when she felt all that they implied, and in an agony of shame, she buried her face in her hands.

“You wretched—you, Ellen!”

She neither spoke nor moved; and after a moment's pause, he continued, in a tone from which all irritation had fled—“I would implore your forgiveness, if I could suppose that in any way, however remote, I had contributed to that unhappiness, and you, all angel as you are, would not refuse it, though I could never forgive myself. But it is another who is the guardian of your happiness; and I do him the justice to believe that he would make any sacrifice to secure it. Lady Ellen, do not think me presuming if I beseech you to have no concealment from him.”

Ellen looked up, and her face was deadly pale. “Oh, my God!” she exclaimed, clasping her hands—“if I knew what was best to do for his happiness! Leave me, Lord Raymond—you say you wish to shew me kindness—it is the only favour I have to ask.”

He would have taken her hand, but she shrank back. “No, no, leave me—only leave me.”

He implored her forgiveness—he poured out reproaches on himself, for his short-lived irritation—he thought he carefully repressed every word that could alarm her; but still he called her Ellen, and bent upon her such looks of unrepressed tenderness as he had never ventured before; and she knew that her secret was discovered, and felt humbled to the dust.

“Speak to me, Ellen—one word—one single word before I go—say that you forgive me.”

“I have no one to forgive—no one but myself. Once more I beseech you to leave me. I only ask to be alone. Lord Raymond, is it come to this—that I must ask in vain?”

He was gone—she *was* alone—and tried to think and to be calm; but it would not do. It seemed to her as if the last few minutes had changed the whole current of her future existence. How should she ever dare meet Frederick Percival again,—Frederick—deceived—betrayed? Well might he distrust her! Oh, why did she not earlier distrust herself! And she wrung her hands as she recalled the words

she had uttered, and the conviction they must have brought to Lord Raymond.

One thing alone was clear—they must never, never see each other more. She would humble herself before Frederick—he should hear from her all her fickleness—all her weakness—and then she would beg her father to take her to Mordaunt Castle, and there she would pass the remainder of her days—she would not mix in the gay world again.

But if Frederick still loved her—that would be punishing him for her sins. That must not be. If when he should know all, he would still allow her to become his wife—yes—she was reduced to such a doubt as that—the whole of her future life should atone for the wrong she had done him. The wrong?—what wrong? Had she not struggled hard—had she not strove to keep her faith to him? He would not blame—he would pity and forgive her. He knew Lord Raymond—he would feel how impossible it was that such love as his should be felt in vain. And would that conviction serve to reconcile Frederick Percival to her? Oh, no—no. How madly she was thinking. She would strive to think no more just then

—soon she should be better able—and she pressed her forehead tightly to still its beating pulses.

“ I have been looking for you, Ellen,” said Lady Lindsay, who had entered the room unperceived by her. “ I wanted to tell you that I am very uneasy about Lindsay.”

Lady Lindsay’s voice was habitually calm, —and to Ellen, whose mind was in a state of tumult, it sounded calmer than ever.

“ What has happened, Mary ?” she asked listlessly.

“ Happened !—oh, my dear Ellen—nothing, I hope—but you know that magnificent horse he paid three hundred pounds for, a day or two since—” (Ellen thought of the poverty of the family) “ I never have a moment’s peace when I see him mount it. I have been on the point of asking him not to ride it till it should be a little better broke ; only I was afraid he might not like me to say so much. Now I wish that I had taken courage.”

“ And why, dear ? Did the horse behave worse than usual to-day ?”

“ I do not know. I did not like to go to the window to see Lindsay set off ; for fear he

should look up and see me, and think I was watching him, which perhaps he might not have liked. But a little while ago I saw the groom who went with him come back full gallop; and just now Robson came in, looking as servants do when they mean one to think there is something the matter, and said she came to tell me, in case I should want Johnson, that he had been sent for to my lord."

"My dear Mary!—and did not you ask her if anything had happened?"

"No—I thought it better not—I did not know what Lindsay might say if he heard I had been asking about him. But I felt very uncomfortable, so I came to tell you."

Ellen could not quite understand the timidity of feeling which could lead Lady Lindsay quietly to entertain a doubt of her husband's safety, rather than to risk offending him by asking one question to ascertain it. It was fear of another kind that made her hesitate. The last few months had taught her to look almost habitually at the dark side of existence. They had brought her more of sorrow than she had known during all the preceding years of her young life. Thoughts of death had be-

come familiar to her. She had seen the brother she had best loved on the brink of the grave—she had watched her father's failing strength—she had shared in the humble mourning of the widowed mother over her convict son—even Margaret Bolland's sudden death, and the hard grief of her stern uncle, had left their share of gloom. Then too came those sorrows of the heart, so terrible to youth, though age can look back on them and smile. And Ellen, as so many have done before her, and so many will do again who have numerous blessings in store and ample powers of enjoying them,—fancied that in the struggle her happiness was marred for ever, and that hers was the devoted head upon which all the ills of humanity were to burst. It might be that inexplicable feeling we call presentiment—it might be that foreboding turn of mind—but at once she felt persuaded that something terrible had happened. It was in vain that she rang the bell repeatedly; no one answered her summons; and even Lady Lindsay's smile was troubled, as she said how strange it was. At length a footstep was heard approaching—slowly—heavily. Ellen's powers of listening were so

fearfully alive, the sound grew painful to her as it drew near. Her father's own servant, who had grown grey-headed in his service, stood at the door, and she could scarcely command her voice to ask if there had been a message from Lord Lindsay.

The man was pale as death, and looked compassionately at Lady Lindsay.

"No, my lady, none."

"Are you certain—are you quite certain?" said Lady Lindsay eagerly. "Surely I could not fancy it:—surely I saw his groom myself. Are you quite certain there has been no message?"

"No, my lady, none—none from my lord himself."

"None from himself! You terrify—you torture me," she exclaimed, with a degree of vehemence totally foreign to her character. "Speak, and tell me the worst at once. Where is Lord Lindsay? What has happened? I must be told," she said almost wildly to Ellen—"I choose to go to my husband—I must know where he is."

"She must stay quietly here—my lady, you must exert yourself and strive to calm her—he

will soon be brought home—she can do no good by going to him.”

Ellen had stood as if she were turned to stone, but now she roused herself, and approached Lady Lindsay.

“We will both go to him — where is he? — what has happened? Reynolds, I insist upon being told at once. We cannot be kept in this dreadful suspense. But it is no suspense—I see it all now—he has been thrown by that horse—and is most horribly hurt. Why are we not already with him?”

The old man burst into tears. “My lady, you must stay here.”

“Gracious Heaven! support my father”—these were Ellen’s first words, as the full extent of the calamity burst upon her.

“I will go to Lindsay,” Lady Lindsay repeated, attempting to pass; but shuddering, Ellen threw her arms round her.

“No, Mary—be patient, love—we must remain here till some one comes to us.”

There were sounds in the hall of many feet, and strange voices. Lady Lindsay started, and shook off Ellen. “Speak, man,” she said. “What does all this mean? Tell me, is my husband killed?”

There was a fearful pause, while Lady Lindsay stood with streaming eyes, and thickening breath, vainly waiting for some blessed word to tell her that dreadful surmise was false. The confusion below increased, and she sprang forward ; but the servant respectfully interposed. For a moment she gazed helplessly on him and Ellen, then sank insensible on the floor.

“Better for her, poor thing :—better let her be—they are bringing home the body, and maybe it is disfigured—for they say the horse was like a mad animal when it dashed with him against the wall. My lord fell back at once, the groom says, and never spoke again. Far enough was he from thinking when he left us this morning that he would be brought home a corpse.”

“Hush—leave us”—Ellen almost shrieked, as she sank on her knees by the side of the bereaved wife. The refined require refinement in their griefs. The plainness of the old servant’s words jarred upon her nerves, even more than the sudden consciousness of deep calamity.

Lady Lindsay only recovered from the state of insensibility into which she had sunk, to

give way to shrieks and sobs, which Ellen vainly tried to calm. But let us waive description of scenes like those which followed the events just referred to :—for affliction is a holy thing, and not to be set forth in words.

The first dark days were passed,—and on the evening preceding that fixed for the funeral, the family were all assembled in Lord Mordaunt's room—all but one. An express had been sent for Edward, but he had not yet arrived.

The shutters were partially unclosed, and the flickering light of the lamps outside, grew gradually more distinct as the shades of evening closed in. Lord Mordaunt had viewed for the last time the remains of his son, and had not shed one tear—"One more earthly link is broken," he said; "one more call is given to raise my soul to Heaven."

An hour passed away, and within and without the room the silence had been scarcely broken. The sound of a hand-organ, low and plaintive, at length broke upon the ear, and with its old familiar tones, so often listened to in various moods of mind, brought jarring recollections of the living world to hearts which

were full of the image of the dead. Lady Lindsay had been lying on the sofa in a state of calm exhaustion ; but now her low stifled sobs would not be repressed.

“ Do you not agree with me in thinking her particularly low this evening ? ” Charles Dalrymple whispered to Ellen.

He certainly was part of the family, and had a right to share in its affliction ; but Ellen never felt more strongly than she did during that week, how unpardonable it was to give such a right to such a man. At a time of deep feeling, Charles Dalrymple, with his small nothings, nearly drove her mad. He now walked across the room, and addressed himself to Lady Elizabeth.

“ My love, do you not think you had better say a few words to your sister-in-law ? ”

Lady Elizabeth impatiently shook her head.

He was evidently preparing some other useful suggestion, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with a message from Lord Raymond to Lady Lindsay. As yet she had shrank from the meeting with him—“ *his* family—*his* friends ”—they were everything to her—it was her duty to see them—but no one else—no one could be of comfort to her. Lord

Raymond submitted—for who can resist the waywardness of grief?

“I cannot see him, Ellen, I cannot be expected to see him yet—I have no strength yet”—and her agitation increased beyond her power to control.

“My dear Ellen,” whispered Charles Dalrymple, “this is all very wrong. You should make a stand against this fancy. Consider—her own brother!—and nearly a week has elapsed since the melancholy event!—*I* can only say, that I should feel very much aggrieved, if under such circumstances you were to refuse to receive me,—and I, you must be aware, am not your own brother.”

Ellen was perfectly aware of that, and in her heart she was duly grateful for it; but still she persisted in thinking it advisable that Lady Lindsay should not be worried into doing what she did not like.

The servant returned with a twisted bit of paper, and said that Lord Raymond wished for one word in answer.

“There you see—exactly as I foreboded—he is probably excessively hurt. Ellen, what had best be done? Shall I go to him?”

“No, I thank you—I will write.”

Her note had scarcely been despatched when Edward arrived. The meeting was a hard trial for all, but particularly for his poor father. Edward's harassed looks really shocked every body. He felt acutely the circumstances under which he had parted from his brother, and saw his own imprudent conduct in a darker light than he had ever done before. If there had been want of cordiality between them, he felt now as if *he* only had been to blame. No feeling of exultation at his changed fortunes mixed with the burst of emotion that shook him, as he bent over the coffin which inclosed the remains of the brother whom he had so lately left in possession of all that life can bestow.

"Thank God," he exclaimed as he turned away, "our last words were words of peace!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Oh, blame her not !—when zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake ;
When beams the sun through April's shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet-flower ;
And love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive !

SCOTT.

“ WELL,” said Eliza Beaumont, who was now settled to her entire satisfaction in the little dark, dusty, London room, which was to her a paradise upon earth ; “ I think in all my life, I have seldom heard a more shocking thing. He was a remarkably disagreeable man, that I shall always say ; but the last thing I should have thought of wishing was, that he should be killed by a fall from his horse. And now Captain Glanville will be Lord Lindsay. How

things do fall out to be sure. After all, it was much more likely that he should have married me, than that girl nobody had ever heard of; and then I should have been Lady Lindsay. What odd chances there are in the world !”

“ Very—but it is a very happy world I think,” Anne answered, looking at it through the medium of John Harrison, settled at the corner of her work-frame ;—a station which, in spite of Maria’s forbidding looks, he had now occupied for three successive mornings.

“ I dare say, now her sister has made such a great marriage, Miss Rivers will be more proud and odious than ever,” pursued Eliza. “ However, she is probably excessively disappointed about Lord Raymond. It is getting very evident he does not think about her ;—and she was quite capable of flattering herself into thinking he did. I wonder whether he is to marry Lady Ellen at last. Kate and Julia persist in that, till they almost stagger me. However, yesterday I met Mr. Percival looking rather dull and grand, but all in black, as if he were one of the family. I get puzzled to death about them all—and it is so unlucky—now they are shut up, we shall be able to see

nothing. So many things happen—somehow, I begin to think that Lady Ellen will never marry.”

“So many things?—what things?” said John Harrison. “What things have happened to interfere with Lady Ellen’s matrimonial prospects?”

“Why, all sorts of melancholy things, to prevent her from going out and making acquaintance with any fresh people; and in her place I should be quite tired out with waiting for Lord Raymond or Mr. Percival to propose. There was that dreadful Miss Bolland’s death—and old Lord Mordaunt always ill—and Captain Glanville obliged to fly the country—and now there is Lord Lindsay thrown from his horse.”

“Eliza,” whispered Anne, “you are forgetting Mr. John Harrison’s feelings.”

“Poor Lindsay!” said John, sighing, “he is the first of my early friends that I have lost. It seems like the breaking up of our little set.”

“And there will be a fresh election for the county,” Mr. Beaumont remarked; “and we may consider ourselves lucky if some low Radical does not creep in. Your friend Spry will hardly shew his face there again; but there is

a fellow of the name of Gorings ready to start."

"He could have no chance," said Maria; "his private character is so far from respectable. In fact," she added, sinking her voice to an emphatic whisper, "he is little better than a regular black-legs — keeps race-horses of his own, and bets great sums upon them."

"Gorings is as good a fellow as breathes," rejoined John Harrison. "I won fifty pounds from him last year on the Derby—and if the fates please, I will do as much for him this year."

"Ah! Mr. John," said Mrs. Beaumont, "I dare say that your poor mother would have been better pleased if that fifty pounds had never found its way into your pocket. If you had lost it, instead of winning it, you would not have been quite so ready to try again. You should consider what a heart-ache it must give her to see you set off to the races, when she does not know what may come of them."

"But she does know what may come of them. I gave her a shawl last year out of my winnings—and this year she has put in her claim for a velvet gown if I come off as well.

We and the Butlers are to make a jolly party, and go together. And there is one more I expect to join us—Miss Anne Beaumont, you know who I mean?”

Yes, Anne’s blush shewed that she did.

“We have no turn for racing society,” said Maria. “We disapprove very much of anybody who goes upon the turf.”

“Not quite of every body, do we, Maria?” Eliza added in a deprecating tone. “Mr. Robert Irby goes to Epsom sometimes, and I confess I think him particularly pleasant—more really pleasant than Captain Glanville.”

“So that is your opinion of Robert Irby, is it?” said John Harrison. “I am delighted. I have got something interesting to tell you about him. Cannot you guess?”

“Guess! No, how should I? But tell me directly—I am dying to know—something interesting about Mr. Robert Irby! Well, to be sure—how very remarkable—I wonder what it is! Has he been saying something about me? Mind you do not tell me what it was—and yet, I do not care—yes, do.”

“Well—it was about you then. He said he should be very happy if you would offi-

ciate as bridesmaid, when he marries my sister Julia."

"He!—Mr. Robert Irby!—marry Julia!—Well, that beats every thing." Eliza was really breathless.

"Oh, Mr. John, you are joking now," said Mrs. Beaumont. "We should surely have found out, if anything of that sort had been going on—and your mother, who knows what interest I take in you all, would certainly have confided in me."

There was a fatal expression in John's eye, which brought conviction to Maria. "To be sure he is joking," she exclaimed with infinite presence of mind. "But I know Julia's opinion of Robert Irby too well to be taken in. I have heard her say forty times, how much she looks down upon all the Irby family. You will not easily persuade me that Julia would consent to marry Robert Irby."

Still John persisted, till they were all obliged to be convinced—and Maria at length wished him joy, with an emphatic sigh, which was to be set down to her keen sense of Julia's moral degradation.

"I am glad at all events," said Eliza, "that

there is a whole London season to come. Dorn-ton will be duller than ever, now Mr. Irby is gone. I always reckon, when a man marries, that he is as good as dead."

"And so your mother is to be left without any daughter. She will be sadly distressed—pray tell her, Mr. John, how sincerely I feel for her. She shall hear as much from myself to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mrs. Beaumont, but my mother is delighted with Julia's marriage. Robert Irby has always been a favourite of hers, and she likes the connexion. We have often accused her of crying up the Irbys, as if they were superior to us. It seems that Miss Beaumont has heard Julia laugh about that. We always cried them down because my mother would cry them up. But Julia will bear to hear them praised now."

"Ah! your mother will make the best of it, you may depend upon that. Nobody carries off troubles better than she does. But what with your two sisters married—and your brother David at sea, poor fellow—and Mr. Harrison, as I hear, going from one club to another after his politics—her life will be lonely

indeed. I should just like to see myself with my three daughters married."

"So should I," said Eliza.

"Then, Mrs. Beaumont, I will do my very best, to gratify your wish, and console my mother. I want but yours and Mr. Beaumont's consent, to take a daughter from you, and present a daughter to her. Dear Anne, you have allowed me to speak."

And so John Harrison spoke a little more, and did not speak in vain. One moment's rapid reasoning convinced Mr. Beaumont, that though old Harrison had some wild foolish notions, he was as rich as a jew, and his eldest son was a very desirable son-in-law. Mrs. Beaumont declared that, owing to the long friendship which subsisted between the families, she had always expected something of the sort; and she immediately bestowed a hearty embrace upon John Harrison,—to which he dutifully submitted, and rejoiced that Julia was not there to see it. Eliza could not but think it odd that the youngest of the three should marry first; and if she had been Anne, she would have preferred marrying somebody new, instead of John Harrison, whom they might see,

as it was, every day of their lives. But, at all events, it was a great blessing that they should have a marriage to talk about, when Julia began to talk of hers. She was determined she would make the most of it.

Maria was ostentatiously ungracious about the whole affair. She said her opinion of John Harrison was known—so it was too late to try and deceive anybody. Having taken her mother aside, and talked solemnly of Anne's childishness, and his want of principle, nothing more remained to be done. She found that her words were utterly thrown away.

Mrs. Beaumont could scarcely speak of her old friendship for the Harrisons without shedding tears of affection, and was full of fidget to know what steps Julia was taking about her trousseau, that she might immediately set about doing something of the same sort for Anne.

“Do you know, John,” she said in the exuberance of her satisfaction; “I really do believe, that if any thing will make your poor mother happy, this will.”

The marriage was settled at an unfortunate time for Maria. Charles came home that very day for the Easter holidays, and was exces-

sively coarse and boyish in his triumph. "Well done, Anne!" he said, "I knew that you would win the race. Was not I the first that said, you would be Mrs. John Harrison? Maria could not prevent it with all her bullying, and now, you two old girls have nobody left to fight for but Tom Brown."

His father sternly interrupted him, "I have repeatedly told you, Charles, not to mention that fellow's name in that familiar kind of way. His impudence grows greater every day. He has bought a field now, adjoining mine, and wrote to-day, to say he had some thoughts of building upon it, and hoped it would prove no annoyance to me. The letter began, 'Dear Sir.' He will drive me out of house and home before he has done. Now, John Harrison, I merely ask you, should I have had a pauper like him 'Dear Sir'-ing me, before your precious Reform-bill passed?"

"Do not answer him, Mr. John—when once he speaks of the Reform-bill, he is sure to get on to his politics—but he must not be allowed to talk as he has done—now you and Anne are going to be married, we must all contrive to be of one mind."

Mrs. Beaumont's exhortation was not without effect. There was a most harmonious meeting in Harley Street that very evening. The Butlers and Robert Irby were all there; Anne Beaumont, full of smiles and blushes; and Julia Harrison, content to let Robert Irby marry her, without insisting that she first put the idea in his head. There were pleasant tidings too for Eliza Beaumont. The Pringles, who were good for nothing but shooting and hunting, were leaving the white house, and a fresh tenant was expected, of whom report spoke well—young, and rich, and without incumbrances. The summer at Dornton might be bearable after all.

“I only wish,” she said, “that something would happen to take Mr. Bolland out of the way. We might get somebody pleasant there too. And now that poor grave stiff Lord Lindsay is gone, when they have all been sorry long enough for him, perhaps Captain Glanville may throw open Mordaunt Castle, and make it a little more amusing. I always yawn when I think of the last evening we spent there. I wonder what Lady Elizabeth thinks of her sister-in-law. I dare say she is as disagreeable to her as ever she can be.”

Eliza was mistaken. It was beyond even Lady Elizabeth's power to say any thing disagreeable to Clara. She was determined to conquer the affections of her husband's family, and she succeeded. Her anxiety to minister to Lord Mordaunt's comfort, to anticipate his slightest wish, was scarcely surpassed by Ellen's. It was but human nature that she should feel one thrill of unutterable bliss, when Edward was restored to her. But in the midst of her thankfulness for her own brightened prospects, she was deeply struck by the calamity which had made her the comforter instead of the comforted, in that house of mourning. She looked at her who was so lately a bride—now a widow: she remembered how different from her own was the promise of her marriage: no tears but those of happiness—no mystery—no poverty—she was warmly welcomed to the proud home which her husband had to offer her. And how had it all ended? He, in his grave—and she!—

Clara gazed at the calm misery of that young fair face—younger and fairer still from its contrast with those sable weeds, which seemed to mark that misfortune's keenest arrow had so early found its mark: and while feelings of

painful compassion filled her heart, if she still rejoiced, she only "rejoiced with trembling," at the blessings showered on herself.

"It is well," she said one day to her sister, "that when my own lot might be one of perfect happiness, the sorrow which has overtaken those around me should serve to warn me from trusting that such happiness can last."

"But it is something," Harriet answered, "to require such a warning. I can scarcely imagine the frame of mind which could lead any one, for one moment, to deceive themselves into expecting that upon this earth, such a thing as perfect happiness exists. The materials are given, but no one knows how to put them together."

"That is a very gloomy speech to come from you, Harriet. I should have said that you, of all people, might find excuse for pronouncing life one scene of unmingled sunshine—you, who find nothing but affection at home, and admiration abroad."

"Admiration!" repeated Harriet bitterly: "why is it that every one will fancy that mere heartless admiration is to make my happiness—even you, Clara, who ought to know me better?"

“Not heartless, love—Lord Raymond is not heartless.”

“He is not, but he has no heart for me. You may spare that compassionate look. Even did he love me as he does love Lady Ellen, it were of no avail; but from the first moment that I saw them together, I knew that his whole soul was hers. *Then* I could see clearly, for I had no wish to deceive myself. Yes—he loves her—as surely as she loves him—and will marry Frederick Percival.”

“Impossible, Harriet! but no, I see it all. She was engaged to Mr. Percival before she knew Lord Raymond, and she will sacrifice herself to what she thinks her duty. How I do admire her! I am sure that no sense of duty could have made me marry any one but Edward. Lady Ellen, though, is such a perfect creature, she will be rewarded for any sacrifice, by doing what she thinks right, and by feeling that she makes him happy.”

“She will not make him happy—they will both be miserable. Her existence will be one constant struggle to affect what she does not feel—and *his!*—Clara, do you indeed believe that the mere semblance of attachment can

satisfy his enthusiastic nature? Already he is unhappy. He knows—he must know that he is undervalued—misunderstood. You must see how coldly she listens to him. Where is the pride that any other woman would feel in his high reputation? Her countenance is spiritless and melancholy, when it should be glowing with exultation. They call him reserved—he is only discouraged—for where he has the best right to look for sympathy in his feelings, he seeks for it in vain. No; if you expect happiness there, you will find none: they have contrived to mar their own destinies. I could weep for her; for the spell which makes all who know her love her, has vanquished me. And oh, I could weep for him—for—”

“You feel there is one in the world who could make him happier? Is it so, my poor Harriet?” said Clara interrupting her.

“That is a question which I might well refuse to answer—but I will not. I deserve humiliation—even such humiliation as this. Clara—Clara—have patience with me—pity me—I have been roughly awakened from the bright dream of early years. Do you not remember, as long as we can remember any thing, that at

home, we never heard Frederick Percival mentioned but as a superior being? You were not there when the first conviction of our utter ruin burst upon my father. They thought to spare me sorrow because I was so young, and they said but little to me. Still I saw my father's grief—my mother's tears—and wept the more myself because I was not trusted. Frederick Percival came, and seemed to guess the feeling which oppressed me. Child as I was, he spoke to me openly of all our difficulties. He alone treated me as if I were a rational being, and I blessed him for it from my heart. Why do people abuse life for its power of hardening our minds? I am truly thankful that it is no longer in the power of my fellow-creatures to inflict upon me that keen sense of humiliation which a word of blame, a symptom of distrust, would raise when I was a child? From that hour I always heard with pleasure the very name of Frederick Percival. And I often heard it; for my father was interested in his career; and we had few interests which were not purely domestic. You used to laugh at the eagerness with which I would seize a newspaper, and study the dullest debates—and I too would laugh and persevere—for, Clara, *his* name was there."

“And could you even then have thought seriously of him?”

“No—not seriously. I never then thought seriously of any thing. But children will feel enthusiastic about something—a bird or a squirrel may do, if nothing else falls in their way. Mr. Percival unfortunately came in time, and I felt enthusiastic about him. Then, when I came to London, almost every evening he was at my uncle’s house. Had he been an utter stranger to me—had I never heard his name before—I should have thought him superior to any other being I had ever seen. But as it was, every word he uttered was of value to me; and when those words were addressed to me, I know not how I answered him, but my very soul seemed to follow all he said, and I was happy—too happy for this earth.”

“And did he, could he, who was engaged to another, speak of love to you?” Clara asked indignantly.

“Never—never—and Lady Ellen came—and for a time I believed he never would—and the bitterness with which I regarded her, when I found that she was every thing and I was nothing to him, first roused me to a sense of the

folly—the worse than folly of the feelings I was encouraging. But then, too, Lord Raymond came,—and strange though it seemed to me, that she who was beloved by Frederick Percival could prefer another—the deep interest I felt in what was passing made me clear-sighted. I knew every expression of *his*—of Mr. Percival's countenance—and when I saw him turn away chilled at the coldness which Lady Ellen vainly tried to conceal—I thought—Clara, I cannot go on—even you will despise me.”

“ No, no, love — I understand it all. You thought that the deep devotion of such a heart and mind as yours might reconcile to his fate even the rejected lover of Ellen Glanville. And why not? Why should you feel humiliation in confessing that to *me*? It would have been a very bad case indeed, and have required all those blushing, tearful looks, if he had guessed as much; but as it is, I am not the woman who dare blame you. I cannot even take it upon myself to affirm that I did not love Edward—a little—a very little before he had decided to bestow the whole treasure of his love upon me; and he gives me to understand now

that it was a treasure which was amply disposed of in small portions before. Go on, Harriet, and tell me more—a great deal more.”

“ I have no more to tell. For a time I believed what I wished—that there was no engagement between Lady Ellen and Mr. Percival. My spirits rose when I found Lord Raymond constantly in her society, and I felt persuaded that he was the one preferred. Gradually we too grew intimate. He saw the real interest I felt for his success—the more real because it was partly selfish. I did my utmost to encourage him to persevere. I refused to believe that his love was hopeless; for though he would talk to me for hours of his own feelings, he kept Lady Ellen’s secret, and never told me why he was refused. The more she avoided him, the more I felt convinced her love was his; for there were moments when she unconsciously betrayed herself before so acute an observer as I had become. There were other moments too, when she would try to hide her real sentiments, by an affectation of haughtiness totally unlike her usual gentle manner; and then he would turn to me, and gratefully listen to such consolation as I could give. I

knew to what observation I exposed myself; but I did not care. It would have been different if it had been Frederick Percival; but time would shew that we were alike indifferent to each other. Soon Lady Ellen left London, and Mr. Percival remained."

"Well, Harriet, go on," and Clara drew her chair close to her sister's.

Harriet faintly smiled. "Well, Clara, I will—but do not look so eager. Your dream, like mine, will end in nothing. Few people whom we knew were left in London, and my aunt's house was open every evening to such as would come to us. Mr. Percival was often among them, and his conversation was principally addressed to me. I can see now, that the sole attraction I had for him was the eagerness, the devotion with which I listened. He never addressed one syllable to me, that I could think was meant for me alone; but all he did say found an echo in my heart, and he must have seen it did—yes, I am sure he must. Clara, is there not humiliation in that? Those few words of Lady Ellen's which told me that she considered her fate as irrevocably joined to his, I calmly answered, and since I have calmly considered

them—and all that passed before. I can remember now, that lately his manner seemed to me colder and more constrained than it was at first. Could it be that he thought it better to shew me that there was no hope for me? Could I have subjected myself to that? I—who have been reckoned so proud—so cold?—And after all I had no hope—no plan for the future. He was the first thought of my heart, and it was pleasant to fancy that I was the first thought of his—that was all—and that is over now—and so is the pang with which I heard the truth. You will believe me, Clara, when you see us together.”

Clara hoped she should, but she was far from believing this last assertion now.

CHAPTER XV.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
And oh if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

MOORE.

Two months had elapsed since Lord Lindsay's death, and still Ellen's cheek was pale, and there was a hue of deep and settled melancholy upon her beautiful face, that could scarcely be the result of a grief in which passion must have had so little part. For though Ellen loved Lord Lindsay as a brother, his nature was not such as to beget an absorbing affection in a heart like hers. No—it was a deeper grief

than any which death can cause, that was now preying upon that perfect form, and withering, like a broken flower, the gentle spirit that looked out from those soft pure eyes.

But the struggle that was going on within her heart and mind could not last: it was one that must either destroy or be destroyed. The crisis of her fate was at hand. "This very hour he shall know all!"—she said to herself aloud—with an expression of deep and concentrated emotion. And almost as she spoke, Frederick Percival entered the room.

"You are ill, Ellen?" were his first words, and the tone of anxious affection in which they were pronounced smote her to the heart.

"No, Frederick, not ill—it is not illness which overpowers me."

Her voice was scarcely audible. For a moment he regarded her with painful interest, then seated himself by her side, and took her hand in his.

"Ellen," he said, and there was sadness in his tone, "I am come at your own request; but if the communication you wished to make is painful to you to utter, wait till you are better able. Of late you have had so much to try you.

There was a time when words were not necessary to enable us two to understand each other. The same thought would occur to both, and a look would suffice to express it. Since then we have been long and often parted, and different interests have possessed us. But it was so Ellen, and it will be again."

"Never—never—Frederick. I have strength to speak now, and you must hear me."

"I will; but first, love, you must hear me. Though I have not spoken of it, you must not think that I have been blind to your estrangement from me; still less must you think that I have not suffered under it. I have—Ellen, if you knew how acutely, you would at least feel compassion for me. The last few months have been like a painful dream. Let us both awake from it! Forget them, Ellen—think of nothing but our early days of trusting fond affection. Give me back your confidence, and we shall once more be happy. Now then speak, and let me hear the blessed assurance that I ask. Tell me that no thought of another shall ever come between us."

Ellen's low stifled sob was her only answer.

"I cannot bear to see those tears," Frederick

added passionately. "Ellen, have some pity on me—tell me that I am not the cause of them—let there be peace between us."

"There is no peace for me again. Why, oh why did I ever cross your path, that we might both be miserable!"

Frederick was startled by the vehemence of her sorrow. "This is not like you, Ellen," he said. "I do not understand you. Should a mere momentary preference, scarcely self-avowed, and not even guessed at by its object, affect you thus? It was not inconstancy—you must not call it by so harsh a name—but we were parted and ——"

"And he was often with me—yes, it was that.—Frederick, we were wrong to engage ourselves, and then to part. I was too young to be trusted to myself, or with the keeping of another's happiness. It was not till he came, that my thoughts ever wandered from you; and I would have given worlds to fly from him; but it could not be. Then there was Edward's illness, and we were weeks under the same roof—and you, Frederick, were still away. Oh, do not think I say it to reproach you—I, who am bowed with shame before you. It was an un-

happy necessity that kept you from me. Still I struggled hard to keep my faith to you. I told him of our engagement. I did not falter when I confided to him that which I trusted would make him shun me. I did not deceive him, and I would not have deceived you. I firmly believed that I should yet prove to you, all that the fondest wife could be. And from that time he has never spoken of his love to me. But, oh, Frederick, I have betrayed myself, and I am no longer worthy of you. Yet if you cast me from you, I will never be his—never—never. Tell me what you would wish me to do. I am yours. I have long promised myself to you. I implore you to tell me what you wish. I cannot be happy if you are otherwise. I believe that I could find my own happiness in contributing to yours. Have trust in me once more:—you *may* trust me, for I have ceased to trust myself. Only take me away from him—let us never meet again.”

It was said—the confession was made—and calmness came with the exertion. When she paused, Ellen ventured to raise her eyes to Frederick’s face, as if to read her doom. She was startled at its expression. There was

neither anger nor sorrow ; but there was unfeigned amazement ; and,—it surely could not be—but there certainly was something a little, a very little like pleasure.

He spoke, and she was still more startled by his words—" Good heavens ! Ellen, what does all this mean ? Can Lord Raymond be anything to you ? I thought that his love had been transferred to Miss Rivers ; and I scorned myself because I thought of it so much."

The ice was broken, and mutual explanations followed ; and Frederick smiled as he told how Harriet Rivers, with her beauty and her originality, and her undisguised admiration for himself, had acquired an influence over his imagination—he did not know how great, till rising jealousy of Lord Raymond—jealousy because he talked to her, and she praised him—enlightened him as to his own feelings—and then, when his conscience was no longer clear towards Ellen, then it was that he perceived her coldness—no, not coldness—that was too strong a word—but he did perceive a want of that warmth of manner which, in their positions, it would have been natural to expect. He did not blame her, he only blamed himself, and he

did his utmost to make her believe that no other could be so dear to him as she was.

Ellen laughed outright as she listened to a confession so like her own. And then followed sincere protestations of esteem and affection—such affection as a sister might entertain for a brother and a brother for a sister. And Frederick declared that if Ellen had not changed first he never should have changed at all; and Ellen shook her head and could not quite believe; and each from the bottom of their hearts, wished each other happiness;—and never were two lovers more blessed at hearing the first avowal of mutual affection, than were these two as they listened to this confession of mutual inconstancy.

Edward, who for some days had felt real uneasiness at Ellen's increasing depression, and who had in vain tried to persuade her to let him interfere and at once break off her engagement to Frederick, now entered the room, thinking that by this time his presence might be some support to Ellen; for she had given him to understand she meant to enter into some kind of explanation. He stood transfixed with amazement. He hardly knew what he expected—

some tears perhaps, on her side, and some indignation on his—something of a scene in short. At all events, the last thing he expected was to find them both laughing heartily.

“Oh! my dear, dear Edward,” said Ellen, throwing her arms round his neck, “I am so happy. It turns out that in fact Frederick does not care the very least for me.”

Frederick too grasped his hand and shook it with the most cheerful warmth.—“No, no—that is a very unfair representation of the state of affairs—it is she who has rejected me.”

“But he will still be your brother-in-law, Edward. He is constant at least to that.”

“Ellen, Ellen, it is not for you to talk of constancy!—wait till we come to visit you at Norland.”

Edward turned from one to the other, but every word they uttered only puzzled him more. He was not very far from thinking that they both had gone mad. But when the explanation was given, he was quite ready to be as happy and foolish as they were. Clara had of course kept Harriet’s secret, as all good wives keep important secrets, and it delighted him to think how delighted she would be at the denouement which was preparing.

“But Raymond was to have set off to-morrow,” he suddenly exclaimed. “Have either of you countermanded his post-horses? Ellen, who has so often preached economy to me, should be a little careful of her future substance.”

“Oh, Edward.”

Notwithstanding this ‘oh Edward,’ the post horses were countermanded, and many hours did not elapse, before Lord Raymond had poured out the full expression of all his love and all his happiness, and clasped Ellen, his own Ellen, to his heart.

“Do you understand all this?” Charles Dalrymple asked of a person whom he honoured with his confidence—and there was a considerable degree of solemn bewilderment in his countenance and manner. “I candidly confess that I am completely puzzled. No regular communication had been made to Lady Elizabeth and myself by the parties immediately concerned; but from the answers I received to various questions, which at different opportunities I addressed to several individuals, I had every reason to believe that a matrimonial engagement was on the tapis between Ellen

and Frederick Percival. Edward never contradicted it, and I only refrained from speaking of it to Ellen herself, from motives of delicacy, on account of the late melancholy event. Indeed I was upon the point of communicating it to my mother—an attention which, from the connection, she would naturally expect. I might have been placed in a most awkward predicament; for now it appears that it is Lord Raymond, and not Percival, who is shortly to become a member of the family; and Lady Elizabeth informs me, when she went this morning to return a visit of Mrs. Howard's, she was shewn into a room where Miss Rivers and Frederick were sitting together, and from some words that fell from Mr. Howard, she expects there will shortly be a marriage in that quarter. It is really most unpardonable of Edward to have allowed me to continue so long in error. It might have led to the most mortifying results. What would my mother have thought, if I, a member of the family, had given her such false intelligence? Lady Elizabeth is as much displeased as I am."

It was quite true that for some days Lady Elizabeth was considerably discomposed. She

had committed herself in her opinion of Lord Raymond, and could not, without making her motives too apparent, set to work immediately to *unpraise* him. Frederick Percival, too, she had recently pronounced a failure. It would be difficult now to prove that Harriet Rivers was making the most distinguished marriage of the two. Still she had some alleviations. Ellen, now too really happy to be reserved, the very first time they found themselves together, told the whole history of her rash engagement; and she was not much disappointed when she found that the sole remark it drew from Lady Elizabeth was “ Well, I am very glad it has all ended so well: but I do not now very clearly understand, whether it was you who jilted Frederick, or Frederick who jilted you first.”

Charles Dalrymple was never destined to be enlightened as to the particulars of the transaction. Lady Elizabeth had too much pride to allow his family to hear any of the private history of hers. To them she always spoke of Ellen’s marriage as an arrangement of the most satisfactory nature—the sort of great marriage which it was natural to expect for her sister.

And now, can we close our history at a more suitable period of it than the present,—when all was again hope and love? The good old Lord Mordaunt,—the remainder of his life will be passed in peace, in the midst of a happy family. Lord Raymond and Ellen will be often with him—Edward and Clara seem to have no thought but to add to his comfort. Frederick Percival insists upon his early right of considering Mordaunt Castle as his second home. His uncle wrote a most gracious letter of congratulation upon his marriage; and as Frederick will be decidedly the most distinguished man of his family, no doubt that eventually he will make him his heir.

There is but one person whose destiny we do not like to dwell upon in prospect; and that is poor Lady Lindsay. But even for her there is hope and comfort in prospect. Lady Raymond has returned from Paris, to take up her abode with her daughter; and in speaking to Ellen of the early blight that had fallen on her Clara's happiness—"Yes," she said, wiping away a few tears—"such early desolation is terrible—but I must not suffer Mary to pass her life in lonely sorrow. I cannot live for ever,

and she will require some one to cling to. It will be right to give up two or three years to grief; and then I shall take her over to Paris, and try to arrange another marriage for her. I know my child's nature well. The very excess of her present sorrow proves that she cannot live without loving some one; and I should not wonder if after all she were to be happier in a second marriage than the first: for between ourselves, poor Lindsay, with a thousand good qualities, was a little stern and selfish.

The Beaumonts and Harrisons' are busily engaged in preparing for the happy event which is to make them one family. Mr. Beaumont, owing to his delicate position with regard to his radical son-in-law, has taken the line of declaring, that, the state of the country is so desperate, henceforth he shall never mention politics;—and the relief to Mrs. Beaumont is inexpressible.

Mr. Bolland constantly sends forth fresh reports as to his future intentions respecting Bolland farm; but as no two ever agree, he will probably die without a will, and it will merge in the family property.

One thing more we must mention. Ellen

came down to dinner yesterday with a beautiful bracelet on her arm.

“That is a new trinket, is it not, my child?” her father asked.

“No, papa—I have had it for near a year,” she answered blushing deeply; and a look of exquisite happiness passed between her and Lord Raymond. The figures on the clasp were not now too prominent; for they marked indeed the date of “a white and blessed day” to both.

THE END.





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